

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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THE FAMOUS MAN WHO NEVER LIVED

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COURAGE IS THE THING

TWO GREAT SWIMS

The Stirring Feat of a Hero in Gallipoli

IN SIGHT OF A GREAT VICTORY

Two great swims against the fierce waves of the Channel have been added to a long, long list.

The finest feat ever accomplished by a woman swimmer was that of Made-moiselle Sion, who faced the Channel for the third time. Twice she covered over thirty miles, and twice had to give up, once seven miles and once four miles from Dover. The other day she tried again and came within a mile and a quarter after swimming 37 miles in 13 hours.

The other swim was that of a gallant hero of the war, Colonel Freyberg, who has now two wonderful adventures in the sea to his credit.

The Channel Wins

Just on seventeen hours had Colonel Freyberg, V.C., swimming from Calais to Dover, been in the water. It was cold and choppy and inclined to be misty, and about 500 yards away he could see above him on the white cliffs the Dover Patrol Memorial, a monument to other brave men. Surely his task was over; his battle with the Channel won. Then the tide, which, like Nature, is neither kind nor cruel but only obedient to law, set against him and bore him farther and farther away from success.

His eyes were inflamed with the salt water, he was deadly tired with the buffeting off the Goodwins, he was cold, but what he said when those with him in the tug told him what had happened was *Can't I go on?* His idea was that, weary as he was, if he could stop in the water till the tide turned he could still make port. Perhaps he would have tried if his wife had not been there to add her word to the warnings of others who told him that it could not be done, but when she added her pleadings to those of the rest the heroic swimmer gave way.

Sir James Barrie's Hero

It was as good as a victory. It may have been better, for swimming the Channel would be by itself an empty feat if it did not tell the world that courage and endurance still shine brightly among men. And in the case of Colonel Freyberg the courage and endurance were unmistakable and almost unbelievable; for a man whose body was broken in the war as Colonel Freyberg's was it has been described as a truly magnificent piece of work. He was wounded nine times in the war, and once there were fourteen different injuries. Those who watched this brave man from a boat must have been deeply stirred to see his scars as he battled once more against tremendous odds.

Two Scouts and a Merry Dutch Maid



A party of Boy Scouts from London have been camping in Holland and have had a very jolly time. Here we see a little Dutch maid taking off two of the British visitors to see her parents

Those who knew Colonel Freyberg knew of his courage, for he was the man of whom, without naming him, Sir James Barrie told a wonderful story when speaking to the St. Andrews students three years ago, when he was installed as Lord Rector of the University.

When the expedition to Gallipoli was planning its landing a man was wanted to deceive the Turks as to where the landing was to be. Colonel Freyberg volunteered. So, as Sir James Barrie told the story, he swam ashore in the darkness to light decoy lamps there. He pushed a raft containing the lamps in front of him. It was a frosty night, and he was naked and painted black. Firing from the ships was going on all round. It was a two hours' swim in pitch darkness. But he did it, crawled through the scrub to listen to the talk of the enemy (who were so near that he could have shaken hands with them), lit his decoys, and swam back to his wondering comrades.

There was a brave act, the telling of which thrills everyone who hears it. But a man who does such a thing never thinks of the dangers of it. He concentrates only on getting it done. It is the same whether he is groping for the shore in peace or in war. Once a brave man always a brave man, and it is courage which has made the world a better place not only for heroes but for those who have less of this divine gift.

"Courage is the thing," said Sir James Barrie to the students, and it is because men like Colonel Freyberg show it to us that we can all take courage to go on with our tasks in the world.

£30 TO OPEN A DOOR

The giant doors that close the hangars where the American airships Shenandoah and Los Angeles are kept are so heavy that they take half an hour to open or close. They work by powerful motors, and it costs £30 to open them.

DIKI DIKI PASSES ON Mourned by Many Islands

THE WEE MAN OF THE PHILIPPINES

People who live in the Philippine Islands are feeling that a very big loss has come to them with the death of a very tiny person, Diki Diki, their famous dwarf.

A little while ago he was hale and hearty, and people were looking forward to see him again in their fairs and shows. They followed his movements with the greatest interest. "Diki Diki has gone to stay with a friend in Zamboanga," said some. It was as if the doings of a great person, a viceroy or a prince, had been noted, rather than a wee man who was just over a yard high and weighed twenty-five pounds.

About two years ago there was a great sensation in the South Seas. Diki Diki got married. This wonderful dwarf, having attained the sober age of forty-seven, took a bride whose name was Bunjung Fatima, a lady about ten years younger, two inches shorter, and five pounds lighter than himself.

Through Cheering Crowds

Such a wedding had never been known. No lord and lady ever felt so grand going under arches of swords as these two tiny people, walking with a tremendous dignity through the cheering crowds of onlookers.

Everybody knew Diki Diki. He had been a much looked for feature of the carnivals and shows of the South Sea Islands, and they gave the heartiest welcome to his lady.

And now Diki Diki is no more. A cold took him while he was staying with his friend at Zamboanga, and very quickly ended his life.

There has been a great funeral. The dwarf had more fame in the hour of his death than in his life. All the islands turned out to do him honour. Thousands of people were watching the funeral and saying, *Poor Diki Diki! I wish he hadn't died.*

THE PEBBLE AT THE WINDOW

A Puzzle of the Streets

The judge of a County Court was puzzled not long ago by a case arising out of an extraordinary accident.

A shopkeeper brought an action against a builder for £26 worth of damage to his plate-glass windows. He claimed that pebbles from the builder's ballast heaps had been left scattered over the road, so that some of them had been flicked by the wheels of passing buses and flung against his windows with such force as to splinter them. The judge decided that the builder could not have foreseen such an extraordinary accident, and therefore could not be considered responsible.

THE DOMINIONS

Colonies no Longer

A WISE STEP TAKEN AT LAST

The Secretary for the Colonies has explained to the House of Commons what has been happening to his title.

We all know that the great Dominions of the British Empire do not like being called colonies, and it is not surprising. They are no longer little offshoots of the Mother Country, dependent on her for all they have. They are sister nations, standing on their own feet and entirely independent except for their common loyalty to the flag.

Dominions are not colonies. Nobody calls them so now, except the Colonial Office, through which they have had to do all their business.

And now at last the Colonial Office has come into line. The Empire's business is in future to be conducted by two Departments. The Colonial Office is to look after those parts of the Empire which are still dependent on the Mother Country and are controlled by Parliament (except India, which has an office and a Secretary of State to itself), and a new Dominions Office is to conduct the relations of the Mother Country with the self-governing dominions. There is to be, besides the Secretary of State for the Colonies, a Secretary of State for the Dominions, to look after the new office.

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES

How it Cheered a Little Girl

A correspondent in the Midlands sends us this story of the way in which Nurse Wireless is banishing loneliness from the wards of our hospitals.

A little girl lay dangerously ill. Doctors and nurses had fought valiantly for her life in vain.

In happier days the little girl had studied the piano, and a promising pupil she had been. There was one piece of music she loved above any other; it was one of Beethoven's sonatas.

A day came when the doctors knew that they could do no more for the little patient. All they could do was to cheer her, and keep the dread secret from her by a gay pretence. One evening, as they were round her bed, she raised her head and asked that she might hear her favourite piece of music once again.

What could be done? There was nobody to play it, nothing to play it on. But there was a wireless set in the ward, and someone had an inspiration. He rang up Birmingham Broadcasting station. At 5 I T the pianist was told about the little girl, and quickly, while the telephones were fixed on the little child's head, the pianist sat down and played her favourite piece. It was not too soon, for that evening the girl died.

A MARCONI DREAM

COMING TRUE

Unbroken Touch with the Empire

The ambition of Marconi is to create a world wireless telegraph system, and it seems that it will not be long before his dream comes true.

He was talking the other day about the remarkable success of the beam system, which has made enormous strides in the last year or two. Up to last August it was thought that short waves used with beam wireless would ensure good communication over immense distances, but probably only during the hours of darkness. Since then, however, it has been proved that still shorter waves can cover world-wide distances by day as well as night, thus ensuring communication for the whole 24 hours.

During tests, carried out for four days and nights, communication was maintained with Canada and Australia during the whole time of sending.

IDEAS AT THE G.P.O.

Moving With Caution

THE QUICK COMMUNICATION BOX COMING SLOWLY

Yes, the G.P.O. really does move, in time; there is no doubt about it. For a long time the C.N. has been urging it to allow telegrams to be sent from telephone boxes, and to set up these boxes in all main streets.

Some months ago we told of a little automatic post office put up at Bath while the real post office was being rebuilt. In it one could telephone, buy stamps, and post letters without troubling an attendant. But it was only to go where ordinary offices were closed; to make it universal would be going much too fast for our G.P.O.

But now, at last, telegrams are really to be tried. In Liverpool, Manchester, and Leeds public boxes are to be fitted with automatic machines for receiving telegraph fees, and by paying 1s. 2d. a telegram may be telephoned to the telegraph office for despatch. But still we are to hasten slowly. Only after it has been proved successful in the North is London to be given the benefit of this daring innovation.

What a thing it is to have a really cautious Government to look after us!

EXAMINING THE COMET'S TAIL

What is it Made Of?

What is the comet's tail made of? Not, as in the nursery rhyme, of sugar and spice and all things nice, but of many nasty gases arising out of carbon. M. Baldet, a French examiner of comet's tails, has just told us about these gases.

How did he do it? He could not dip a test tube in the comet's tail to examine the gas. Even if he could have done it would have come away seemingly empty, so thin is the stuff of the tail. It is so thin that the finest vacuum the best air-pump could produce in the test tube would often be denser.

The only way in which he could examine the comet's tail was by comparing its light with the glow produced when an electric discharge is sent through vacuum tubes. In these tubes, though practically all the air has been pumped out, there are still purposely left a few molecules of some of the carbon gases.

In this way M. Baldet found that carbon gases almost unimaginably thin do exist in the comet's tail, and something like them can be produced on Earth. In both the tail and the vacuum tube the light is caused by electrons clashing with the molecules of the gas. In the tail the electrons come from the Sun.

THE WILL FOR PEACE

And the Will for Strife

The Prime Minister in explaining the settlement of the Coal Crisis to Parliament, used these words which we think should be read by all who love our country.

I have done my utmost to secure industrial peace in this country, but peace is a matter of the will, and just as the will to peace can bring peace the will to strife can bring strife. If the will to strife should overcome temporarily, let me say that no minority in a free country has every yet coerced the whole community.

I am convinced that if the time should come when the community has to protect itself with the full strength of the Government behind it the community will do so, and the response of the community will astonish the forces of anarchy through the world.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Borromeo Bor-ro-ma-o
Carshalton . . . Kar-shawl-tun
Diderot Deed-ro
Mont St. Michel . Men San Me-Shel

PRIME MINISTER'S NEW FREEDOM

Long Ago in Bewdley

Bewdley, the Worcestershire town which has conferred its freedom on the Prime Minister who represents it in Parliament, has had a remarkable Parliamentary record.

On one occasion, long ago, when elections were conducted in a fashion which was a disgrace to any country, a defeated candidate brought a petition against his rival. And it turned out that twelve guineas had been paid for "screaming women," and £100 for 100 "watchers."

The judge enquired what the screaming women were wanted for, and was told that their duty was to scream their loudest at the opposition hustings, so that the speeches of the other side could not be heard. As for the watchers, they were to see that men whose votes had been bought should not be made drunk and kidnapped by the opposition!

Politics are bad enough, but we may be thankful that "the good old days" are not good enough for us now.

A Little Land Not Far Away

LET us take a walk in a little foreign land that looks like home. It is like a piece of England broken off.

THE things that stir our hearts are here, the things that lie back in the beginning of our history. From here came to us something that has shaped our story for eight hundred years. Here, if anywhere, lie the springs of the pride and pity that every Englishman must feel who dearly loves his country.

HERE came the only man who ever conquered us. Here was done the blackest deed the British flag has looked upon. Here took place the most pathetic scene that Shakespeare could conceive.

From Arthur Mee's article on The Conqueror and the Maid in My Magazine for September.

EL GRECO

A Strange Picture by a Strange Man

People in Madrid are very much interested in a newly-discovered picture now hanging in the Prado Museum.

It is by a painter known as El Greco, who lived from about 1550 to 1614, and is proudly claimed by Spain as one of her four or five best artists. Hitherto it has been hidden beneath a cover of dust in a college in Galicia, and was not known until last summer.

The scene is St. Lawrence looking up toward heaven, and the painter has shown in a quaint way what the saint saw with the eyes of faith. The faces of Mary and her Babe break through the background in a corner of the picture.

El Greco was one of the most wonderful characters of his day. He was a native of Crete and his real name was Theotocopuli, but soon after he settled in Spain he became known as just El Greco (the Greek).

He was a dreamer and a mystic who tried to transfer his thoughts and visions into paint. He did not care much about the anatomy of his saints, but he managed to paint a sort of spiritual wonder into their strange forms. It is for this rare quality that his work is so much prized now.

THINGS SAID

HOW TO RECOVER OUR PROSPERITY

The Craze for the Tom-Tom and the Jazz

TWO SORTS OF SAINTS

At fifty a man should be able to go a twenty-mile walk without fatigue.

Viscount Grey

I have found that frequently boys know more at the end of a holiday than at the beginning. *Headmaster of Stowe School*

The educated saint is a better man than the ignorant saint.

Mr. Duff Cooper, M.P.

Present day architecture holds the promise of almost unimaginable beauty for the future. *Mr. Leonard Stokes*

We shall only recover our prosperity by hard work, hard living, brave thinking, close saving, and courage.

Commander Kenworthy, M.P.

We assume that it is the inescapable fate of man to die of some disease. Nothing could be farther from the truth, for man should die as a clock stops; when it runs down. *Sir Arbuthnot Lane*

Though the fortunes of the country depend largely on what Members of Parliament are doing, they depend still more on what teachers are doing.

Dr. L. P. Jacks

A man does not lose his rights as a human being because he has broken the law. *The Home Secretary*

A child is not a miniature adult; he is no more like a grown-up than a tadpole is like a frog. *Mr. Frank Roscoe*

Expenditure on wasteful ends means increasing the risk of unemployment; expenditure upon useful ends means diminishing it. *Mr. Norman Angell*

We are working to fit the children to rebuild the life of the nation.

Lord Eustace Percy

The craze for dancing and the popularity of the tom-tom and the jazz band are borrowings from people far down in the mental scale. *Mr. Michael Hedges*

A silent agitation is going on in the changing attitude of the agricultural community towards the work of science.

The Minister of Agriculture

Half of the uncharitable judgments of the world are due to lack of imagination.

Lord Hewart

It is difficult not to believe that Plato is read by far more people than would have read him if Socrates had died a natural death. *Mr. Robert Lynd*

A democracy which cannot listen to reason, and which lends its ears to the voice of passion, is always in peril.

The Prime Minister

The Navy is the front door of the British Empire. *Mr. Davidson, M.P.*

People no longer trouble to make up their own minds. *Bishop of Southwark*

Together the American and English people can control the future of humanity; divided they are units in a leaderless world. *Lord Lee*

The spectacle of an ignorant man trying to enjoy the society of educated people is a sad one. *Mr. Edward Cecil*

I do not see why the principles of the League of Nations should not be applied to our domestic life. Before there is a strike or lock-out there should be an inquiry to see who is on the side of peace.

Lord Cecil

The main object of all Governments is to effect a continuous rise in the comfort level of the mass of the people.

Mr. Winston Churchill

HANS ANDERSEN'S HOUSE

Denmark's Dearest Place of Pilgrimage

A MUSEUM THE CHILDREN LOVE

The city council of Odense honoured the centenary of Hans Christian Andersen's birth by making a historical museum of the tiny house where the great story-teller was born; today, fifty years after his death, the museum is the dearest place of pilgrimage in Denmark.

The little cobbled street, Hans Jensens-stræde, a narrow turning off one of Odense's most important thoroughfares, is a place of pilgrimage for sightseers all over the world.

When the representative of the C.N. came along one sunny afternoon the house was closed to visitors, but as if knowing how much Hans Andersen loved children, a party of little flaxen-haired girls sat on the doorstep playing with their toys. And, as if his spirit were still hovering in that place, everyone who passed, business men, visitors, and workmen in their overalls, paused to pat the little ones on the head and laugh and talk with them.

Odense is the capital of the green island of Fünen. It is the third city in Denmark, a pleasant town of 50,000 inhabitants, busy and prosperous. Hans Jensen's Lane is an old-fashioned street. But the people of Odense wish to keep it as it always has been, as Hans Andersen knew it when he first played there as a child, the son of a poor shoemaker.

Memory-Haunted Woods

In the museum every memento of him that his admirers could collect is preserved; the figures and pictures he cut as a child, keepsakes of his first love, his manuscripts, letters, furniture, and clothes. In the words of a Danish writer: "When walking through the low-ceilinged rooms one feels as if everything talks in the tone of the fairy-story about the master whose own life was the most beautiful story in the world."

In the lovely woods outside Odense, where the little river runs through a meadow of lush grass between the high beeches, the children come to play with their parents, and the air is filled with their joyous laughter. Here Hans Andersen loved to wander. Here, inspired by the magic of tall trees and the murmuring stream, his heart was roused and his pen was guided to create the heritage children prize so dearly.

There is hardly a language into which Hans Andersen's tales have not been translated, and there is small wonder that the citizens of his native city are proud to honour his name.

FRITZ AND HANS

The Friendly Sparrows

A correspondent travelling through an Austrian railway station in the Salzkammergut, tells us that there is a stationmaster who loves the sparrows and has given them names. He calls Hans, and Hans comes; he calls Fritz, and Fritz comes; and so on. The clever little birds not only know their names, but are so tame that they often perch on the stationmaster's shoulder, and sometimes cover him all over.

In the Auction Rooms

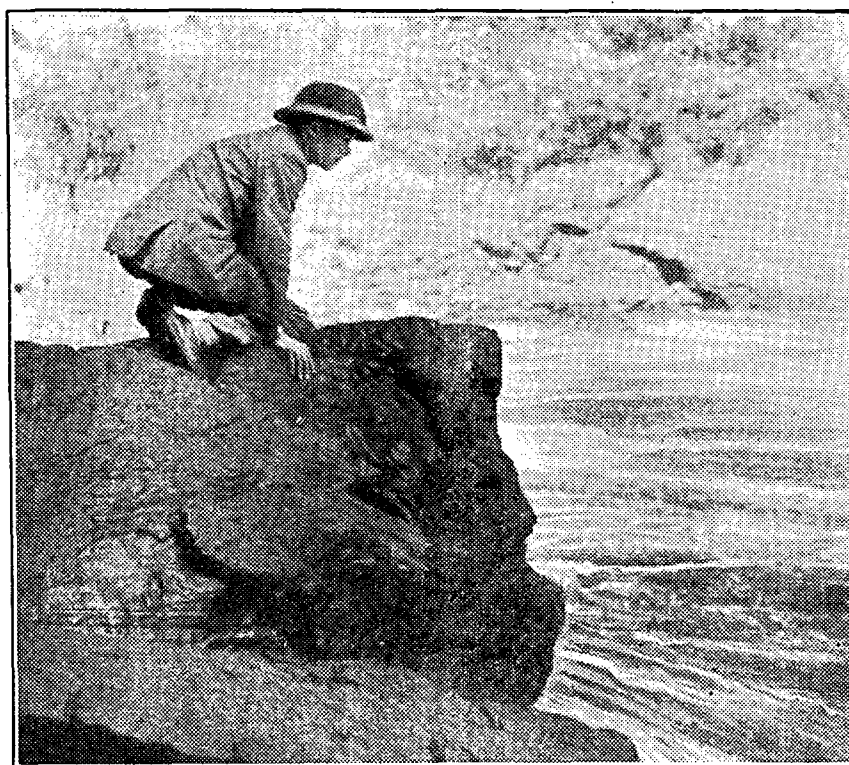
The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A Scott MS. The Antiquary .	£2100
15th-century Flemish tapestry .	£892
12th-century English MS. .	£700
A Queen Anne State bedstead .	£493
A second folio Shakespeare .	£440
A sketch by Romney . . .	£325
A Gobelin tapestry panel . .	£315
15th-century Italian MS. . .	£280
1st edition of Milton's poems .	£190
17th-century needlework panel	£141
A Queen Anne settle . . .	£140
Robinson Crusoe, 1st edition .	£120
An unused Austrian stamp .	£110

THE PRINCE AT THE FALLS



The Prince, on the left, discussing the Falls with Sir Herbert Stanley



The Prince watches the eddies of the Boiling Pool below the Falls



The Prince takes cover from the spray of the Falls beneath a big umbrella

The Prince of Wales visited the great Victoria Falls of the Zambesi, which were discovered in 1855 by Dr. Livingstone and named after the Prince's great-grandmother, who was then on the throne. The Zambesi, which is here 1000 yards wide, drops sheer into a huge fissure nearly 400 feet deep, and presents a magnificent spectacle

A MAN WHO DIED HEART-BROKEN

GREUZE AND HIS PICTURES

Painter of the Simple Life of the Country

200 YEARS AGO

By Our Art Correspondent

Two hundred years ago, on August 21, there was born in Mâcon, on the Saône, a man whose name is very well known all over the world today. This was Jean Baptiste Greuze, the painter of so many scenes of simple life and rural happiness.

The boy grew up with dreams of the great world of art mixed up with his ordinary schooling; and presently he had his heart's desire. He was sent to study painting under a Lyons master. This man took him to Paris, and there a new life opened up for the youth from Mâcon. He was admitted to the Academy and worked hard, painting in his lodgings in his spare time.

A Year of Triumph

From the first he was very ambitious, and chose to paint pictures of a kind that would have been attempted by no ordinary student. When he produced his first, which was called *A Father Explaining the Bible to his Children*, the men who saw it refused to believe that it was the work of so young a man. Delighted beyond measure, Greuze went on working. A few seasons passed by and then he painted a picture called *The Blind Man Cheated*, which was considered so excellent a work that on the strength of it he was made an Associate of the French Academy.

The year of his triumph, 1755, saw Greuze setting off to realise another of his dreams, and that was a tour in Italy. For some years he painted classical subjects and Italian pictures; then he returned to the style of his earlier work.

Loss of Public Favour

But in the meantime fortune's wheel was turning, and there were signs that the pictures by Greuze, which had pleased Paris ten years ago, would not continue to win public praise. The painter had plenty of friends, among them Diderot, the writer, whose articles were the first art criticisms of their kind that appeared in modern Europe. Diderot rendered yeoman service to his friend in this way, and if kind thought could have lined his purse Greuze would have been rich.

The temper of France was changing in many ways. The Revolution was coming; the era of classical painting was coming with the great David at its head. Poor Greuze, who had been so much admired, fell very low in public favour. He toiled on, painting pictures which are reproduced everywhere today, canvases like *The Broken Pitcher*, now in the Louvre; *Innocence*; *The Girl with the Doves*, now in the Wallace Collection; *The Girl with the Dead Canary*, in the Scottish National Gallery. But for all that he grew poorer and poorer. No one would buy the pictures which now hang in famous galleries.

Crushed by Ill-Fortune

It is sad to think that a man who had such native grace and charm should have been crushed by years of ill-fortune. Greuze died in Paris, poverty-stricken and heart-broken, on a wild March day of 1805.

Judged by modern methods, Greuze allowed too much cheap prettiness and sentiment to creep into his work. But he had a delicacy of touch that, in its way, is unrivalled, and will probably hold for a long time the place that his work has won in the world's art.

A JAPANESE WHO LIKES US

BARON HAYASHI AND
HIS WORK

The Ambassador Who is
Coming Back to Live With Us

A HAPPY RETURN

After nearly five years as Japanese Ambassador in London Baron Hayashi, one of the best friends this country has ever had, is retiring and going back to Tokio.

Nevertheless, we shall see him again, this kind little man with the bright smile and the understanding eyes, for he says he is returning soon to make his home in London.

It must not be thought, in spite of the good relations which have existed between Britain and Japan ever since the Secret Kingdom opened its doors to the West, that ours is the paramount influence with the Japanese people.

It is true that English is the official European language, used by diplomatic circles, spoken and written by the merchants, taught at the University and in the schools, written up at street corners to show the way to the white man who cannot read the quaint and beautiful picture-writing which Japan borrowed from China; for Germany and America have always been strong factors in the development of the Island Empire.

Fostering Friendship

It is just as well, therefore, not to take too much for granted, and assume that Britain is so well-placed in the friendship of Japan that she need not care about fostering that friendship. When we see a man as wise, as powerful, and as staunch as Baron Hayashi taking such pains to manifest his affection towards our country, we must value his work at its real worth.

No greater compliment could be paid to a country than that which the Japanese statesman paid to us the other day when, discussing his departure, he said: "Ah! If I were going away for good I should indeed be sad; but I am coming back to England to live."

Let us wish the Baron and his charming daughter, Madame Okamoto, a happy return.

TWO EYES AT A KEYHOLE

The Inquisitive Chimpanzee

One of the best true monkey stories heard for a long time was told the other day at a prize distribution by Sir Charles Sherrington, President of the Royal Society.

He makes a close study of chimpanzees and their ways, and one morning he locked up two of the animals in a room, so that they should not do any mischief.

Wondering what they would do when left alone, he determined to find out.

"I went on tiptoe," Sir Charles says, "and looked through the keyhole. It was rather dark, but that was very soon explained by the very human-looking eye of one of the chimpanzees peering at me from the other side! I thought then that the distinction between us was not so very great, after all."

80 YEARS YOUNG

The Juvenile Forester

At its meeting in Edinburgh the other day the Ancient Order of Foresters found that a member of the juvenile section was 80 years old!

It was explained that the venerable brother was a member of the senior section, too, and that he had gradually taken into the junior section with him about a hundred sons, grandsons, and great-grandsons.

We think he is well qualified for both, and hope he may long be young.

NEWS FROM SEA

Expedition which Changes the Geography Books

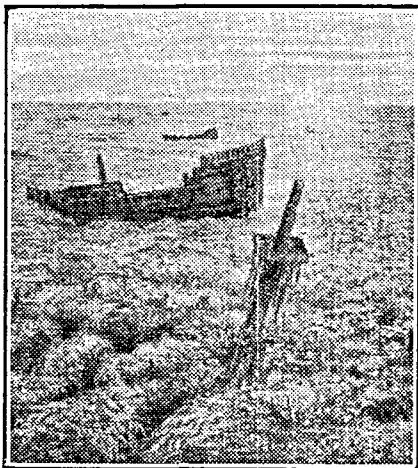
THE OASIS OF THE ATLANTIC

Professor Beebe has brought back to New York his ship Arcturus from the Sargasso Sea, filled with hundreds of specimens of fish and plants from that strange oasis of the deep. He has changed our ideas, and our geography books.

It seems that the Sargasso Sea is not the place of terror that men have always imagined it to be, a place in which Columbus's ship was becalmed and imperilled, and in which countless other vessels are supposed to have been lost, gripped by the terrible power of this mysterious entanglement of vegetation.

Here the great Humboldt current sweeps northward from South America to join the great sea-river which flows out from the Panama Gulf. The two mingle their streams west of the Azores and East of the West Indies, and produce in the midst of the ocean a region of 3000 square miles like a vast pond.

It has long been called the Sargasso Sea, and legends have gathered about



What the Sargasso Sea was supposed to be

it almost as curious as those of the fabled Lost Land of Atlantis, which might be supposed to have foundered not far away from it.

Professor Beebe's expedition has now dissipated these old tales of great whirlpools among the yellow masses of seaweed, and of vegetation so thick that ships could never get free of it. The old sailing ships were as careful as they could be never to get into it, for it is a region of calms and is off the sailing routes, but the Arcturus navigated it easily enough, and in her stay of several months found reward for her fishing.

From the ocean depths below a number of new specimens of deep-sea fish were dredged, including several which carry phosphorescent lights in the lightless depths where they live, others that are practically all mouth, and some cuttle fish fierce enough for any legend, for they are big and powerful enough to fight with whales.

THE LIGHT UNDER THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE

How it is Kept Burning

Many visitors to Paris have wondered how the undying flame burning on the Unknown Warrior's grave under the Arc de Triomphe is kept alight.

The other day a little band of the British Legion in Paris performed the act of reviving the flame.

The ceremony takes place daily. What happens is very simple. An officer takes a sword specially kept for the purpose, and with it pushes the metal ring surrounding the cavity from which the flame comes. This releases a fresh supply of spirit, and the flame burns up with renewed vigour.

CLIPPING THEIR WINGS

A Bill to Deal with
Moneylenders

A REFORM BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

At last the moneylenders, who pounce down like vultures upon people in trouble, are to have their wings clipped.

A Committee of the two Houses of Parliament has been hearing evidence of their misdeeds, and has made the two Bills before them into one, which it is expected will be passed in the autumn.

To begin with, they must all trade in their own names and buy a licence for £15. But they can only have a licence by producing a certificate from a magistrate.

The moneylender must not send out circulars, nor advertise anything more than his name and address and the nature of his business. He may not threaten bankruptcy to people in arrears, nor make them pay more than the balance of what they have borrowed and the interest on it.

And the interest he may charge is limited to four per cent. per month. That seems a lot—in a year it comes to nearly half the money lent; but far heavier interest is often charged now. It is quite common to charge a penny a week on each shilling, which comes to over 400 per cent. in a year!

Fines up to £500 and imprisonment with hard labour may be imposed for a second offence.

SO SIMPLE

End of Ellis Island

How simple the way out of a great trouble often is! At last the British emigrants to America are to be saved the misery and degradation of the examination at Ellis Island.

Hitherto, if they were too unhealthy for admission, or likely to compete unfairly with American labour, they only learned it in the bare, crowded halls of Ellis Island, after the long and costly voyage across the Atlantic, and had to make the voyage back again with all the time and money wasted.

Now they are to be examined at the British ports before they start, and if they pass they will know that they will be allowed to land and settle on the other side. What could be simpler and more obvious, and why was it not done long ago?

The delay has caused a vast amount of needless misery, as well as real anger between two countries that want and ought to be the best of friends.

THE LEANING TOWER OF LONDON

Which Is It?

Either the dome of St. Paul's or the spire of St. Martin's Church on Ludgate Hill is leaning, but architects are puzzled to know which it is.

Everyone who knows the fine view of St. Paul's from Fleet Street knows the spire of St. Martin's, which rises almost in front of the cathedral, and now somebody has noticed that there is a distinct tilt in the angle between the spire and the dome. It may be that St. Paul's is leaning toward the river; on the other hand, St. Martin's may be leaning the other way.

Perhaps there is nothing seriously wrong, but the authorities of St. Martin's have made up their minds to go into the matter. The church was built by Sir Christopher Wren between 1673 and 1684.

HILL ON WHICH FIFTY THOUSAND DIED

A Light that Will Not Go Out

A beacon light, which will never be allowed to go out, is the beautiful idea of France for a memorial to her sons who died around the hill of Notre Dame de Lorette.



The Light of Lorette

The hill, as has already been explained in the C.N., is one of the most famous spots in the whole battle area. It was first held by the Germans, then by the French, and finally by the British. From it can be seen almost the whole of the British front.

It was because they knew how far their enemies could be seen from it that the Germans throughout the war, after their own expulsion, shelled it incessantly day and night. It is reckoned that fifty thousand Frenchmen died there; 2000 were killed in one spot in one day. The shells churned up the ground so much that even now the bones of many an unknown warrior are discovered. For these a vault has been built in the base of the memorial beacon.

A chapel which once stood on the hill, and gave it its name, was a favourite place of pilgrimage. Many another pilgrim will come to the memorial beacon which now takes its place.

THE PRISON AS IT SHOULD BE

Despair Gives Way to Hope
WONDERFUL CHANGES OF 50
YEARS

The Home Secretary gave some wonderful figures to an international Prison Conference the other day, showing the change in our treatment of law-breakers in the last fifty years.

There were 20,000 people in our local prisons then; now there are only 8000. There were 10,000 in penal servitude; now there are 1600, with 1100 in Borstal Institutions. Then there were 113 local and 13 penal prisons; now there are 31 and four.

Better education, less drinking, and better living conditions are reasons for part of the improvement, but that is not the whole story. Judges and magistrates have learned, like other people, that prison is in itself no cure for crime.

First offenders are kept away from old criminals wherever possible; Wormwood Scrubs is kept entirely for them. Wakefield Prison is kept for prisoners with sentences long enough to give time for training. Prisoners who have anything to teach are put to teach their fellows. Prisons today are places of hope, and no longer places of despair.

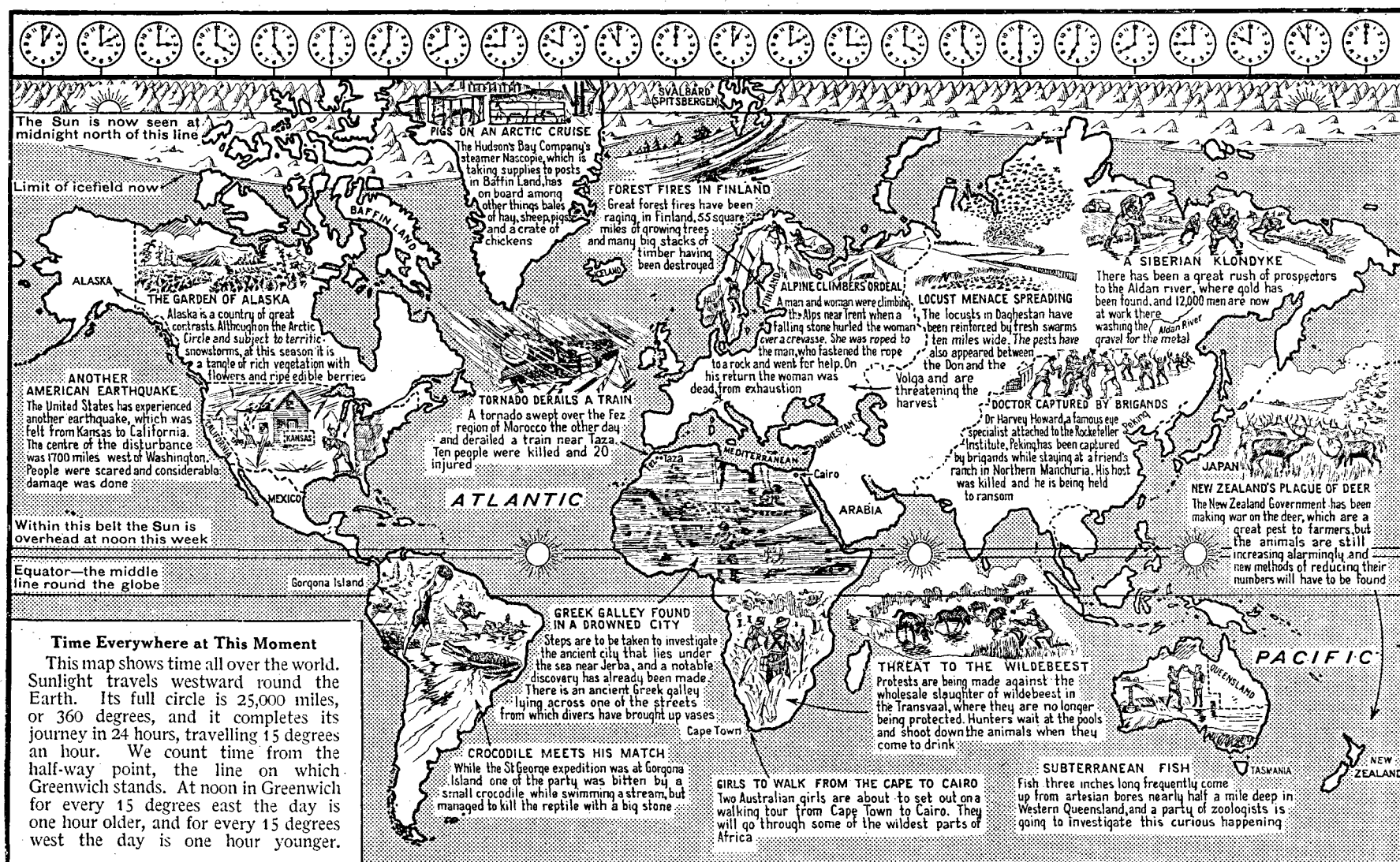
AS THE TRAIN PASSES THROUGH

Lighting Up The Station

A new idea has been adopted by the South-Western United States Railway, which is proving very useful on country lines where trains do not run frequently.

The train, on approaching the station, presses down an automatic switch placed near the rails which lights up the station lamps. A similar switch some distance the other side of the station turns the lights off when the train passes

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



OLD VILLAGE LIFE

Reviving Arts and Crafts of the Other Days

Few and far between are the reminders of the ancient arts and crafts which were once the pride of village life.

But there is one place at least where old arts and crafts are not only kept alive but are growing in scope and interest. It is Chipping Campden, the beautiful market town in the Cotswold Hills. Last year the C.N. gave an account of the first exhibition of these arts and crafts, and described how the people of Chipping Campden work in their cottages with tools like those used in the days of the Romans.

The second exhibition has just been held, and it was more successful even than the first in showing how the old arts may still have their place in this bustling modern world. These craftsmen of Campden are doing well. They have had beautiful specimens of their work bought in America and in the Colonies, and they have had the pleasure of sending an exhibit, an exquisite crozier, to Wembley. Their stained glass windows, hand-wrought metal work, and statuary have gone to grace many churches, abbeys, and priories.

They have formed the Campden Society, to develop the old arts and crafts still more. We wish them well in their fine endeavour.

THE DOCTOR'S PERISCOPE

Something New for the Sick Room

A new kind of camera has been invented which takes a photograph of the stomach.

A sort of periscope is used, consisting of a metal tube, which is placed in the wind-pipe, with an electric light at the bottom that illuminates the interior of the stomach. At the top of the tube is a prism which throws a picture of the stomach on to a photographic plate.

THE MOTH AND THE TOMATOES

How Science Stopped a Pest

The Minister of Agriculture has been speaking feelingly in Parliament about a moth.

The river Lea, which after a pleasant country journey crawls muddily into London by way of Hackney Marshes, waters many market gardens, which send in thousands of tons of tomatoes to town for food. But the tomato moth levies a huge toll on the tomato fields.

The Minister of Agriculture was able to assure Parliament that a scientific study of the habits of the moth has effected a saving to the growers of £30,000 a year, by showing them how to destroy the pest.

Gratifying it is in these days to find a Ministry who, instead of asking us for more money, is able to tell the taxpayer that it has saved some.

MAY I SEE MY COUNTRY BEFORE I DIE?

An Exile's Cry

There is something pathetic in this cry of an old royalist exiled from France, which has just reached Paris.

For forty years now I have been in exile. How many times have I travelled far afield in an endeavour, on arduous work for France, to get away from the terrible obsession of the barred frontier?

If I give up a great deal of my time to my collections, and if I live, as I may say, in my museum, it is because I feel the appeal of my native land.

I have seen criminals, revolutionaries, and deserters return to France under the general amnesty law, whereas I, who am anxious to serve my country in every way I can, may never have the joy of seeing France again. I am ageing under the burden of my exile. May I be given the supreme solace of once more seeing my country before I die?

THE FROZEN ROPE

Death Toll of the Alps

The Alps have been taking their toll of lives this year, often through sudden gales springing up and blinding the climbers with driving snow.

A tragic happening came about in such circumstances a little time ago, a brave guide from Valtournanche losing his life on one of the crags of Monte Rosa, the second highest Alpine peak.

Three Frenchmen, with two guides, were descending the mountain in a storm when they lost their way in the mist and snow. Suddenly the leading guide disappeared over a precipice, but, being roped to his companions, he hung suspended in the air. They heard him call to his brother, the other guide, to pull, and then the frozen rope snapped like glass and the suspended man fell hundreds of feet below. Awestruck, the rest of the party struggled on through the blizzard, finally being lucky enough to come upon a refuge in a hut.

There can be few braver men than the guides who face Nature at her starkest among the snows, and it is a sad thought how many of them are conquered at last by the Alps. Surely there are few climbs that can be worth the loss of one brave man.

THE SCHOOL COW

A Way They Have in U.S.A.

Miss Wellock, a London schoolmistress, who won a prize entitling her to a year in America to study education, has been telling us what she saw.

One experiment Miss Wellock was particularly struck with. At a school she visited there was a cow in the playground, and the whole work of the school centred round it. The children milked it, churned the milk into butter, made cheese, and studied the cow's history and its various uses. And a great deal they learned from this gentle schoolmistress.

A DISCOVERY OF ANCIENT CROWNS

Roman Relics for Ipswich

By our Archaeological Correspondent

Miss Nina Layard has recently published an account of two remarkable crowns, a chain head-dress and other unique objects, dug up at Cavenham, in Suffolk.

The crowns are known to be of Roman age and about 1700 years old. They are made of bronze, and before the silver ornaments with which they were decorated were lost they must have presented a magnificent appearance. Such things have never been found in England before.

They were probably used by pagan priests, or placed on the heads of images of the gods during religious observances. The crowns are so made that they can be altered in size to fit different heads, and if these relics of the past could recount their history, a very extraordinary and interesting story would no doubt be unfolded.

Miss Layard conducted excavations at Cavenham, and found there a well-marked Roman layer at a depth of about two feet. Here were found many fragments of Roman pottery and animal bones, and also a feather made of bronze which was probably used to decorate one of the crowns. There was perhaps a wayside shrine or temple at this spot in ancient days, and, at the village of Icklingham, near by, have been found a number of Roman remains, including a dwelling house, a cemetery, and a hoard of coins. Pieces of beautiful work showing portions of a panel with fighting gladiators were discovered with the crowns, and these fragments have been identified as the work of Paternus, who lived from 140 to 190 A.D.

The crowns have been presented by Miss Layard to the Ipswich Museum.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AUGUST 22 1925

Our Adventurers

AN explorer just home from the wilds has been thinking aloud about those who stay at home, and what he thinks is that our race is losing its adventurousness. We remember that Sir Martin Conway was saying the same thing not very long ago, but with a sting that was not deserved.

Sir Martin Conway is a man for whom readers of his books have a hearty respect. He has enjoyed some of the best things of life, and has told us about them happily. He has sought fine scenery in many lands as a daring climber, and has studied beauty in art as eagerly as he has studied it in Nature.

But this friend of all who love books has at last deserved to be brought to book. Whatever does he mean by bemoaning the loss of the spirit of adventure in the British race, and by breaking out into railing against the perfectly simple precaution of Safety First?

Safety First has nothing whatever to do with the spirit of adventure. It relates to an entirely different range of life. What adventure is there in anyone, young or old, taking needless risks in the midst of traffic? What sense is there in careless slaughter from unguarded machinery? There is nothing heroic in narrowly dodging dangers from moving objects. It is simply silly and wrong. Yet, under the mistaken idea that he is supporting adventure, Sir Martin Conway has been denouncing this most necessary and admirable movement.

He only does this because he fears that our race is losing its spirit of adventure and being coddled into timidity. But what real evidence is there of this? A dozen years ago it might have been open to any croaker to say of the manhood of Britain that its spirit had grown slack, that its soul had grown stagnant, and that its arm had lost its nerve; but we should have thought that at least a generation would have been allowed to pass after the Great War before anyone would doubt the proud spirit and the daring and idealism of our men.

The plain fact is that the stir of the war has left behind it a too ardent and somewhat thoughtless tendency toward adventure which breaks bounds and shows itself to some extent in brazen lawlessness. There are more signs of danger in misdirected adventure than of sluggish timidity. We are loth to think that Sir Martin Conway, so big-hearted in his prime, is suffering, with the loss of a climber's strength, something much worse still—the loss of faith in his fellow Britons. What a decline that would be! And there is no need for it.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Across the Street

THE C.N. sends its compliments to the handsome new building opposite ours. It is the home of Gordon and Gotch, the great distributors of papers throughout the Empire.

What strikes the Editor as curiously interesting is the fact that, as he sits at his desk making the C.N., he can look through his window across the street and see the busy people who sell it across the Earth.

Knights of Peace

CAPTAIN BACH is a French officer who served with distinction in the war. Since then he has been stationed in the Rhineland.

It is not an easy task for a soldier to live among the people of another country with which a long war has been waged, but Captain Bach is like the Roman Captain in Capernaum, of whom we read that he made friends with the people among whom he too lived as an officer of an army of occupation. Coming to know his neighbours, Captain Bach, who is a Protestant, formed a society for young people and called it The Knights of Peace. Through this society young Germans are brought into friendly touch with young Frenchmen. Politics are not discussed. They come together to study religious and social questions, they exchange letters, and in other ways they show the sympathy and friendliness of those who are together under the banner of Christianity. We salute Captain Bach and his knights. A long Peace to them!

Why They Cut Off His Pigtail

We have been reading a little book about the "good old days," and this is one of the peeps we get into them.

MARY BERRY, the friend of Horace Walpole, one day left her books and her witty friends to visit some cotton mills at Blantyre. A cotton mill was something quite new then, and she was as anxious to see it as to read one of Mr. Pope's new poems.

But she came away saddened. Nearly five hundred children, from six to fourteen, were employed there. They were mostly apprentices, bound to the manufacturer for six or seven years. They were fed and clothed, but not paid. With two breaks of an hour each for breakfast and dinner these children worked from six in the morning till eight at night. They then had lessons. Their dinner was broth and beef. Breakfast and supper consisted of porridge, with a sauce of beer and molasses. Miss Berry said "Their forlorn and squalid looks are, God knows, painfully enough impressed on my mind."

We do not altogether wonder that a mill-owner was once mobbed, and suffered the indignity of having his pigtail cut off!

A Cry From Tasmania

THERE is a pathetic cry from Tasmania; it comes from a girl who helps in her father's shop:

Father says, Can you tell us how to make our lovely island a better place to live in? What with strikes and other troubles we have as many bad years as good ones.

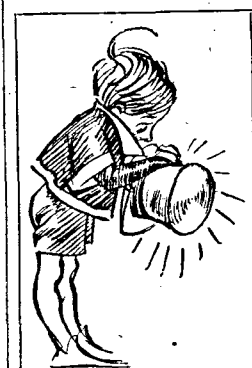
Even Tasmania, it seems, has not yet found the millennium. It is a trouble that afflicts us all and the only remedy we can think of at the moment is Matthew vii, 12.

Tip-Cat

A SCIENTIST thinks the Earth will last a hundred million years. Some of the nations will just have time to pay their debts.

So far as we know nobody has yet told us what this war in Morocco is intended to save the world for.

MR. BALDWIN says he will throw every ounce of weight he has into



PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW
If the Scarlet Runner
races the Virginia
Creepers

the scales of industrial peace. It isn't weights that are wanted, but measures.

FEWER buttons are worn nowadays. Yet during the hot weather everybody was done up.

WHY will people enter shops two minutes before closing time? Because if they came two minutes

after they could not get in.

IF Britain and America had no other reason for sticking together the fact that they pay their debts would give them a brotherly feeling.

Very Much Like a Donkey

THE law may not be quite an ass, but it is sometimes very much like a donkey.

We noted the other day that an American in London was not allowed to lay a wreath on the statue of Burns. Yet we remember that some practical joker laid a wreath on Charles Stuart's statue in the forged name of the Editor of the C.N., and we were not allowed to remove it.

It is curiously and curiously, as Alice would say, that we can neither lay an honest wreath nor remove a dishonest one.

What the Seat Says

Good friends that to this seat repair,
Rest and be thankful, but forbear
With sordid scraps the ground to strew.
Others rest here, as well as you.

Written on a seat at Hayes, in Kent

The Song of the Plough

By Our Country Girl

I HEARD a ploughman sing a song
Behind his team today,
Above the wind his voice came strong,

And I could hear him say:
*Oh, Right and Wrong go all along,
Go all along the way.*

A HORSE that will not pull his weight,
A vicious dog, you'll find

Beside an honest, gentle mate,
And so 'tis with mankind,
Through highest and through lowest state
Go right and wrong entwined.

IN Kaffir kraal, in London town,
You find the saint and knave,
In ragged cloak or royal gown
The coward and the brave.

Let Fortune smile, let Fortune frown,
Ourselves we lose or save.

AYE, men who dwell in every part,
In homes of every size,

Have got a whisper in their heart
As sure as they have eyes.

We need no schooling and no art
To judge 'twixt truth and lies.

So here's an ending of his song,
Of red and dreary grey,
Of rose and nettles. May the throng
Grow redder every day!

*Till Right, not Wrong, goes all along,
Goes all along the way.*

The Old Musician

By One Who Passed By

As the train drew up at a busy little junction in North Wales I noticed a frail figure, pathetic as a faded flower, dingly clad, sitting near the station door, holding in his weak hands a lute as old and as worn as himself. His white face was looking down on the ground, and he lifted it to blink with eyes that could only dimly see, so near they were to blindness.

He heard much more than he could see, and as the throng of holiday makers made its way out of the station he raised his head higher, his fingers wandered to the strings, and he began to play. The sad, trembling sounds were as far from melody as he was far from the gay rush of life which swept past him, yet he strummed hopefully on, his feet beating a light tattoo on the platform by way of accompaniment.

The crowd passed by; it had no time for him. As it faded away the strumming ceased. His head leaned forward mournfully again, but his feet went on tapping to some still unforgetten tune. Then, suddenly, a little girl came gaily towards him, placed something in his hand, and spoke. He lifted his head quickly, and as the train began to move away I saw on his pale and worn old face the beginning of a smile as gracious, as grateful, as any I have ever seen.

God's best tools are those we lend Him.

August 22, 1925

The Children's Newspaper

7

IN THE EMPTY HEART OF AUSTRALIA

WHAT AN EXPLORER FOUND

The Wild People Still in the Stone Age

TRAGEDY OF THE ISOLATED TRIBES

To the Natural History Museum at South Kensington will come this year a collection of insects and minerals and the like which Captain G. H. Wilkins, one of the museum's travellers, has found in the desert lands of Northern Australia.

But he brings back more than specimens, for he has things to tell of these waste places which are more wonderful than any such prizes, because they reveal these never-visited regions of the great island Continent as a bit of the world which is still sunk in the Stone Ages of mankind.

Beyond the Back-Blocks

Beyond the Australia which has fine towns like those of England, and country estates and vast dairy farms and sheep pastures; beyond the back-blocks where farmers struggle against drought, and a million square miles of eucalyptus forest, and bush, and prickly pear are thrusting up against civilisation, is a great desert where no law runs and civilisation is unknown.

Here, in numbers which may be as high as thirty thousand, live the last scattered tribes of the Stone Age men of this wide Continent, who still make and use flint knives, and live on roots and berries, and grubs and honey. Captain Wilkins saw them, passed among them, and had to live part of the time as frugally as they do. He found them friendly, and even hospitable.

Mild Cannibals

But these mild and unwarlike tribes, who, in spite of the vast territories over which they roam, have always remained few in numbers because the country will not support a larger population, have many strange customs. There is very little animal life for them to feed on, and Captain Wilkins reports that some become cannibals now and then. They are not cruel or even warlike cannibals, but they will eat their dead. It is necessity which drives them to it in the absence of foods which furnish them with fat. They also deliberately restrict the growth of their tribes.

Captain Wilkins's adventures with the natives give a striking idea of how primitive and childlike these savages are. Some of them are very hostile to white men because adventurers have shot at them, so Captain Wilkins carried his life in his hands. First they raided his camp and stole a number of things, soon after they came at night and had him at their mercy.

Terrible Minutes

He must have had a terrible few minutes while they stood over him with raised spears, for he lay in bed pretending to be asleep; but by some magic they seemed afraid to strike, and finally crept away. With the coming of dawn, however, their courage revived, and a wave of warriors came creeping through the bush. But in spite of the spears the explorer went out to meet them, waving his arms to show that he was unarmed, and in a few minutes the superstitious hate and fear of the savages turned to friendliness and laughter.

Is it not strange to think of this extraordinary way of life continuing among human beings who live unknown in the heart of a continent across which railways and telegraphs join big towns together? But Australia, except for these coastal towns, is an empty place, and has the strictest laws to keep out even the agricultural Chinese who used to help till the land.

LITTLE TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND

WHEN the Council Schools are on holiday the life of the tiddler becomes more and more anxious.

All over London, and we fear in many other parts where the tiddler leads his blameless life, small anglers with bent pins, glass jars, and old tins, are seeking to add him to their aquariums.

They discover him in many places where none but these industrious young fishermen would expect him to be. The ponds in public parks, the Serpentine, or the lake in St. James's Park, are natural haunts of the tiddler, whose proper name is the stickleback, and there for twelve hours a day and no Sundays off the anglers seek him and find him. But they pursue him even to

the banks of the Thames where it is muddiest, and great catches have been reported off the Temple Steps, and up beyond Cleopatra's Needle. Big Ben throws his shadow at evening over the fishermen and the tiddler shoals.

The water there does not look inviting even to a stickleback, but this little fish, who is the best of parents, perhaps seeks it for the holidays when his family grows restless. A stickleback will go anywhere and put up with anything. When St. James's Park lake was refilled a year or so ago, the tiddlers, who had been kept out of it by the lake-dwellings of the Ministry of Shipping during the war, swam back to it from the Serpentine through the water-pipes.

HE SAW NAPOLEON AND CARRIED THE PRINCE



The Prince of Wales has just had one of the most remarkable experiences of his remarkable life. He has had a ride on the great tortoise in the garden of Government House at St. Helena, the only living creature which saw Napoleon

SHEEP WITHOUT GREEN PASTURES

TEN years ago people used to think of Central Australia as a desert. They are wiser today.

Of course, the country is terribly dry, but even the dryness has not counted for much since the geologists came and looked below the surface. They found there was almost everywhere underground a kind of immense limestone honeycomb, containing in its cells practically boundless stores of water. Then farmers realised that it was possible to rear sheep without grass.

Now at Glenora station, about a hundred miles north-east of Kalgoorlie, 7000 sheep were shorn last year, though in this torrid region the rainfall averages only four inches a year. There is, at

this station, luxuriant top-feed, on which the sheep thrive so well that they actually live longer than sheep in green pastures. An expert declares that wool equal to the best grown can be produced in regions which for years may not carry a single blade of grass!

An expedition, on camelback, has just gone to study the middle of Australia, its water supplies, its vegetation, and its animal pests—dingoes, rabbits, and so on. The fact is that the wool-growers have wakened up to the certainty that where conditions are suitable sheep will flourish, and they are sending scientists to spy out the land. It is a fact full of encouragement, for the future of half a continent lies in their hands.

FAMOUS MAN WHO NEVER LIVED

A HAMLET PUZZLE

The Dilemma of the Honest Danes

AND THE WAY OUT

Our Danish neighbours and kinsmen are in a quaint dilemma.

Every year thousands of foreign tourists visit the Castle of Elsinore, made famous by Shakespeare, and the supposed grave of Hamlet close by. But the Danes know that no Hamlet is buried there. It is doubtful if he ever existed, and if he did it was on the mainland of Jutland, and not on the easterly island where Copenhagen stands, with its neighbour Elsinore.

The guide-books make this quite clear, so that the sightseers are not in the least deceived. But Shakespeare put Hamlet there and made him die there, and they want to see the place where his body would have lain if Shakespeare had been right instead of wrong. So it is all quite straight and above board, and there is no real reason why the Danes should feel uncomfortable about it. Still they do feel uncomfortable, and they have thought of a rather charming way of putting things right.

The Empty Grave

They suggest that, as Shakespeare's admirers insist on coming to Elsinore for love of Shakespeare and his Hamlet, they should set up on the spot where no real Hamlet lies a memorial to Shakespeare and the Hamlet he imagined. If they do not do that, they say, the only alternative is to level the sham grave, and tell the tourists there is nothing to see.

"Ought we to level the grave," they ask, "or should we give it a new life by consecrating the ground to the memory of the world's greatest poet and the Danish prince he has made famous, even if he did not exist?" The C.N., for itself and its readers, gives its vote for the statue.

POOR GULLS

A New Charge Against Them WHO CARRIED A DISEASE TO THE NEW FOREST?

After a serious outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease had appeared as suddenly as mysteriously in the Hampshire village of Fawley, in the New Forest, one of the inspectors remarked on the possibility that gulls may have brought the infection.

Gulls swoop in on Fawley from the neighbouring sea, adding to their larder by picking up earthworms. They might have come from some other place or farm land where foot-and-mouth disease existed, and have carried the contagion on their webbed feet.

This suggestion has been made before, and other birds besides gulls have been incriminated. It cannot be said to be impossible, because no one has yet found how foot-and-mouth disease arises in a new place. There is a special body of scientific workers now engaged in trying to find the germ of this disease, and determining how it flourishes and how it is conveyed. But they are still in the dark about it; all they can say is that the germ is one of those which are so small as to be invisible.

Probably, like the germ of the common cold, the germ of foot-and-mouth disease is at some seasons flourishing nearly everywhere, and it is as likely to be conveyed on somebody's boots as on the tender feet of the gull.

THE BOY WHO BECAME PRIME MINISTER

A BOOK OF HIS LETTERS

A Journey in Europe Three-
Quarters of a Century Ago

INSIDE A STATUE

Early letters of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to his sister Louisa, 1850-51. Chosen by Lord Pentland. (Fisher Unwin, 15s.)

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was one of the most wonderful plain men who have ever lived.

This book of letters, written by a fourteen-year-old boy to his sister, describing a nine months' journey of 5500 miles through seventeen European States, is, so far as we are aware, the most substantial and interesting volume ever written by one so young.

"C.-B." as Man and Boy

Three reasons will be felt for admiration by every reader who knew anything of Sir Henry as a man, and who also knows the scenes of his boyish travel and has a liking for the bright view of the world.

There never lived a more personally popular politician than Sir Henry, "C.-B.," as the political world called him. He was as much liked by his political opponents as by his own followers, and the reader of these letters can feel the reason for that even when the writer was in his teens. He was just the kind of boy his admirers feel he ought to have been.

Travel Then and Now

Then, as a study of boyhood, Scottish boyhood, these letters are notable. After the journey, Henry's older brother James, who was the leader of the tour, wondered if it had enlarged his young brother's mind. Enlarged! Why, the lad from first to last appears as a keen observer, shrewd, thoughtful, drily humorous, gathering in knowledge all the while, and digesting it as he went on. At the start, in Paris, he regrets that a preacher he heard "spoke rather too fast to be easily followed." Most travellers would be only too glad to be in the state of hearing a French oration with the sufficiency indicated by that modest apology. When he was in Italy he picked up enough Italian to make him shudder at the noises he would have to hear in Germany from German throats.

While the book is interesting as being by a boy who became a very fine man, and interesting also as a striking proof of capacity in a boy of fourteen, its highest value is in the comparison it affords between travel abroad now and travel 75 years ago. From that point of view it is fascinating.

Inside a Famous Statue

The party of three, Henry aged 14, his brother James aged 25, and their cousin David aged 23, visited France, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Germany, and Holland, seeing Italy pretty thoroughly. Of the 5555 miles they travelled 2686 miles were by road-carriages and diligences. Only 1554 miles were by rail, and 1315 were by water or in various ways.

One little adventure we cannot refrain from quoting. This most clever little writer of travel letters, who was to grow up to be our Prime Minister, tells us how one morning he and his brother went to see the famous statue of Carlo Borromeo at Arona, 66 feet high, and standing on a pedestal of 49 feet. This is the frank way he tells us about it.

You will be a little astonished when I tell you that we were impudent enough

ANOTHER PROBLEM FOR FRANCE

Emptying Her Countryside

THE THRIFTY PEASANT RUSHING TO THE TOWNS

Much concern is being felt in France, which one has always looked upon as a typically agricultural country, at the news that the villagers are flocking to the towns.

We are familiar with this problem in England, but in France it is something new. From Cherbourg comes the news that the population of the rich district of the Manche, which was 600,000 in 1851, has fallen to 425,000. In the region of Coutances over 54,000 inhabitants have been lost in fifty years, while in smaller towns the population has decreased by half, the most striking example being that of the picturesque Mont St. Michel, which had nearly 1200 inhabitants in the fifties, and now has only 230.

Their Country's Pride

In spite of the way she manages her national finance, France has been and is still an immensely rich country. It is true that the French people are not paying their taxes or their international debts, but the chief reason for this is that the thrifty peasant cannot be persuaded to produce from his hardly-filled stocking the cost of his Government's war policies.

France has her manufactures and these are valuable, but their value is nothing compared with the wealth that lies in the sturdy and tireless individuality of the French men and women who till the soil. If they are going to leave the countryside and go to town, then indeed there will come a bad day for the Republic.

Continued from the previous column

to scramble up under this gentleman's dress, and into the inside of his head; that we sat down in the interior of his nose and found it very comfortable, looked out of some holes he has in his eyebrows, and out of a window in his back, and played other such pranks. It was not only a very impudent but a very dangerous undertaking.

It is another kind of emotion that is stirred by another note of this boy traveller. Writing from Vienna one summer's day in 1851, he says:

We walked near the palace and were lucky enough to see the young Emperor come out, get on horseback, and ride away. He is a strapping young fellow of twenty.

The strapping young fellow was to outlive the boy traveller. Sixty-five years were to pass away, when, at the end of a long life of sorrow, this wretched old man was to lead his people into the Great War, was to die himself in the midst of all its misery, and was to bequeath to history an Austria broken into fragments, its name almost entirely blotted off the map.

On all this round, which today would be a most admirably planned tour, there are constantly arising points of striking change. For instance, of the seventeen States they passed through only two have now the form of Government they had then. Those two are Great Britain and Switzerland.

One of the travellers' keenest desires was to know what was happening to Dickens's characters as the monthly "parts" appeared. Their tour ended in London with the 1851 Exhibition, which they reached on a day when 70,000 other people were present.

A most enticing book this, though only by a boy, for it brings 75 years ago side by side with today.

TEN TIMES AS OLD AS THE PYRAMIDS?

An Oak Bridge

A most interesting piece of news came a week or two ago from western Germany. It is reported that a wooden foot-bridge, estimated at about fifty thousand years old, has been found under a mine shaft near Dortmund. If it is true, it is one of the finest discoveries in a generation of fine discoveries.

Astonishing as it is, there is no reason why it should not be true. This bridge, ten times as old as the Pyramids, might easily have been made by prehistoric man in one of the periods between two Ice Ages. We know how clever these far-removed ancestors of ours were with their stone darts and knives. People who could make such fine drawings on rock, ivory, and bone could certainly build a foot-bridge.

The danger is in jumping to conclusions too readily.

The German professor who examined the structure describes it as a foot-bridge forty yards long, made of oak beams fastened together by oak clamps. It seems that the bridge was constructed to give people a footing across a marshy river bed.

WELL DONE, L.C.C.

How to Deal With the Litter- Throwers

The London County Council is carrying out its policy of stopping litter in public places.

Six people have been fined at Lambeth Police Court for throwing down pea-nut shells in Kennington Park.

The C.N. hopes to see other authorities follow this fine example, not only in the parks, but in the streets and in the country lanes. Two incidents the writer saw the other day: a boy threw a newspaper down in the street, to be kicked about by scores of people; and a motorist, tearing up a letter, threw its twenty fragments into the road and went on as if he were a gentleman.

The action of the L.C.C. is, we hope, the beginning of the end of this selfish destruction of other people's enjoyment.

PORTRAITS OF TWO FRIENDS

A Merchant's Gift to the Nation

Sir William Mitchell Cotts, whose life-work has kept him in intimate touch with South Africa, has presented to the House of Commons two portraits which it is hoped may be the first of a Parliamentary portrait gallery of Dominion statesmen.

They are the portraits of two friends and two prime ministers, General Botha and General Smuts, painted by Mr. Blair Leighton; and both are declared to be admirable likenesses.

As the rules of the House do not allow the hanging of a portrait until ten years after death, these two are to belong to the Speaker, and will hang in his house until they can be placed on the public walls.

WILD PIGEONS AT A POST OFFICE

The Typist's Accompaniment

Amid the stories of unrest from China and particularly from Shanghai, it is worth noting this tale of the wild pigeons at one of the Shanghai post offices.

Here, for the fourth year in succession, wild pigeons have hatched out a brood in the sun blinds of a verandah. It is supposed that the birds were originally attracted by the clicking of the type-writing machines in the office. They seemed fascinated by the rhythm, and hovered for hours at a time while the typists were at work, the male bird often cooing a quite appropriate accompaniment to the tapping.

SMALLER TAXIS

Two-Seaters and Their Fares

WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THE BIG ONES?

The drivers and owners of the big four-seater taxis are crying out against the idea that the streets should be invaded by little two-seater cars that could be run more cheaply and could charge lower fares. What will happen to the big ones if this is done?

Yet it is not so very many years since the big cars invaded the streets in the same way and made it useless for the old horse cab to try to compete with them. There was an outcry then, of course, but everybody said, quite rightly, that the convenience of the public came first—and the taxi-men agreed with them.

Now a Committee appointed by the Home Secretary to consider the two-seaters is giving the same reply to the outcry of the four-seater men. If cheaper cars can be supplied the public must have them.

The Committee would restrict the number of cars, and would reduce fares all round, for big and little alike. It is very sad for the old owners and drivers, but their turn has come! In any case they have not always been too thoughtful for the public, and drivers have not always been over-courteous. We hope the change will be made by degrees and with as little hardship as possible, but the public convenience must come first.

THE IDEA THAT IS BOUND TO COME Electricity Straight from the Pit

TAMWORTH LEADS THE WAY

For many years the advantage of using coal at the pit-head to generate electricity has been pressed by leading authorities on cheap power.

Electricity, if made where the coal is mined, can be sent for practically no cost through wires for any distance, whereas to send the coal by train for a similar distance involves heavy costs.

Tamworth, in Staffordshire, is one of the towns that have led the way in this respect. One in every six of the inhabitants, which means almost every other household, uses electric light, and the current is generated from the Pooley Hall Company's colliery some distance away. The coal is used at the mine to drive steam engines, which in turn drive the electric generators.

It is the beginning of a great scheme which is bound to become universal.

FLYING POSTS

Great Success in U.S.A.

Now that the regular daily trans-continental air-mail service between New York and San Francisco has been in operation a year with such remarkable success the United States Government has inaugurated a night air service between New York and Chicago.

Every night the trip will be made regardless of weather, and the way will be lighted by 150 powerful electric beacons at regular intervals. On one thirty-mile stretch across a heavily timbered forest five emergency landing places have been cleared, each lighted by a five-million candle-power beacon.

In a country of such vast distances as the United States these air-mail services are of incalculable benefit to business. The time for a letter from New York to San Francisco has been cut from 100 hours to 33, and the time from New York to the North-West will now be correspondingly shortened. Since the U.S. Air Mail has started its pilots have flown nearly seven million miles with almost unbelievable punctuality.

A MEDAL FOR BAAL

How It was Found in Natal

A FRAGMENT OF OLD CHALDEA

A South African statesman, the Rt. Hon. H. Burton, in reading a paper before the Historical Society of Cape Town University, retold the story of the finding of a Chaldean medal in Natal; and a good friend sends it to us. This is what Mr. Burton said:

I was making an official visit to the Trappist Mission Station at Marianhill, near Pinetown, in Natal, one of those institutions where there is never any trouble between employers and employed, because both are one and the same set of people, and where there are never any disputes about wages because no wages are given, but everything is done simply to the glory of God and for the uplifting of unenlightened humanity.

Among many incidents of a most interesting day, one caused me great astonishment. I was told that, in excavating for the foundations of a church, an old fountain was struck, and that near this fountain the excavators had come upon a metal disc. It was somewhat larger than a shilling, and had graven on one side of it a cup, and upon the other some characters which the missionaries could not decipher.

They accordingly sent an impression of the disc to Europe for examination by the scholars. Listen to the answer. The answer came back that there was only one other known specimen of this disc extant in the world (in a museum in Spain), and that the disc itself was a Chaldean medal struck six hundred years before Christ, in honour of the great god Baal!

THE ROBINS AND THE TITS

Rivals for a Home

This interesting story of a nest-building competition between birds comes to us from Edmonton, in Canada.

The so-called robin of western Canada is unlike the English robin except in colour, for it is as large as our blackbird.

Two Canadian robins who had once built a nest on a ledge in the veranda of a farmer's house, returned next year to build again. However, two tits had chosen the same site, and were just beginning to build on it. They were, of course, obliged to give way, for they were much weaker than the robins. They did not, however, give up without a struggle. They watched close by, and as fast as the robins brought twigs and laid them in position they scattered them on the ground.

This went on for days, and then the robins seemed to give up and admit defeat, for they left off attempting to build for several days.

But the weather, which had been very dry, changed and became wet. At once the robins started hastily building again, and as they laid the sticks they cemented them together with mud so firmly that the tits could not wreck their home. It seemed as if they had been waiting for this opportunity, and seized it the moment it came.

They finished their nest, and safely reared their brood in it.

THE WATERPROOF MATCH

A Possibility of Tomorrow

Who has not known the annoyance of damp matches that will not strike? Now we hear of an invention which will remove this annoyance for ever, if it becomes a commercial proposition.

Mr. M. Dessau is the inventor of these new waterproof matches, and tests have shown that they can be completely immersed in water without being spoiled. The waterproofing is effected by mixing what is called rubber latex with the striking material, and then vulcanising by a special process.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

Forests are being sown by aeroplane in the north-western part of America.

A collection of sixteen thousand moths has been presented to the Carnegie Museum in Pittsburg.

A Shame

Nearly fifty thousand boys under sixteen are at work in British coal mines.

Cruelty at the Stadium

A rider at Wembley Stadium Circus has been fined £2 for cruelty to a horse in making it dance.

Automatic Telephone for Naples

Naples has just completed its automatic telephone exchange, and abandoned the telephone girl.

British Teachers in Canada

Seventy-five men and women teachers from Britain have just been to Canada to study the educational system.

A Practical Gift

Sir Wilson Mappin, of Sheffield, who died lately, has left a big part of his estate to the Treasury, towards paying off the war debt.

Cruise of a Toy Balloon

A toy balloon which was picked up the other day at Oundle in Northamptonshire, was found to have come from Wimereux in France.

A Bull Wrecks an Aeroplane

An angry bull charged an aeroplane landing in a field in Belgium, the machine being so badly damaged that it could not continue its flight.

A Town's 2000 Gardens

Alderman W. Singleton, J.P., of Mansfield, who is chairman of a committee which controls about 2000 allotment gardens in the town, has been a gardener 65 years.

Saucepans for the Rectory

A mystery box presented to the Rev. Felix Wilkinson, on leaving Mansfield to be Rector of Ordsall, Notts, contained a set of large saucepans and other kitchen things.

The Prince and the Children

In leaving South Africa the Prince of Wales declared that one of his enduring memories will be that of the happy, healthy children who greeted him everywhere.

No Moneylenders

No moneylenders will be allowed to hold official posts in the new Jewish Synagogue soon to be opened in St. John's Wood Road, London. It is the biggest synagogue in Great Britain.

Nottingham's Old Hall

Nottingham has just taken possession of Wollaton Hall, the historic mansion which was begun in the year of the Spanish Armada, and has a park twice as big as Hyde Park.

When London Travels

During the August Bank Holiday week-end the London Underground services carried nearly 16 million people, equal to the populations of Holland and Belgium together.

What a Mouse Did

A mouse running across the cables at a power station is believed to have set up a short circuit which caused a hundred factories in Hammersmith to shut down for some hours.

Esperanto from Calvin's Pulpit

When the Universal Esperanto Congress met at Geneva the other day a service in Esperanto was held in the cathedral, and a woman preached a sermon in Esperanto from Calvin's pulpit.

Another Wireless Feat

An old pupil of Bradford Technical College has just sent a wireless message to his old school from Chile, this being the first time that British and Chilean wireless enthusiasts have been in touch with one another.

Kingsley Fairbridge

About £6000 has been received towards the £10,000 needed for a memorial to Kingsley Fairbridge, who gave his life to rescuing children from London slums and settling them in Australia. Contributions should be sent to the Child Emigration Society.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

How Much Was a Guilder Worth?

This obsolete Dutch silver coin was worth about 1s. 8d. of English money.

When Were British M.P.'s First Paid £400 a Year?

After a long agitation such payment was sanctioned by the House on August 11, 1911.

Do Vipers Lay Eggs?

Unlike the grass snake, which lays its eggs and leaves the young to hatch out, the viper, or adder, produces its young alive.

Who are Tadpole and Taper?

They are electioneering agents in Disraeli's Coningsby, Tadpole being identified with a Mr. Bonham and Taper with a Mr. Clarke.

What is the Name of the Plant from which we get Indigo Dye?

Indigo is obtained from many species of tropical plants, the chief source being *Indigofera tinctoria*, a plant of Bengal.

What Was Hearth Money?

A tax of two shillings on every hearth "in all houses paying to Church and poor," first imposed by Parliament in 1663 and abolished in 1689. It was always unpopular.

Why Have Modern Locomotives Such Short Funnels?

With the increase in the size of locomotives the funnel, or smoke stack, has had to be reduced in order that the locomotive may pass under existing bridges.

Is Sirius Larger than Our Sun?

Sirius, or the Dog Star, the principal star in the Constellation of Canis Major, or the Great Dog, is at least thirty times as big as our Sun in volume, but his mass, or weight, is only two or three times that of our Sun.

What Does the F mean in the Classification of Photographic Lenses?

The F in such expressions as F 6.5 stands for focal length, which is the distance, usually in inches, between the optical centre of the lens and the ground glass, when focused on a distant object.

How Does a Seashell Grow?

When the animal has emerged from the egg, it gradually enlarges its shell as its body increases in size, by adding from time to time, though not at regular intervals, fresh deposits formed by the secretion of the mantle. The place where each successive deposit has been attached to the preceding one is marked by a line.

What is the Dutch Form of Government?

It is a constitutional and hereditary monarchy, with the royal succession in the direct male line in order of primogeniture, but failing male heirs females mount the throne. The Parliament, called the States General, consists of an Upper and Lower Chamber, the members of which are elected.

Is There Any Proof that the Solar System is Travelling Through Space?

Sir William Herschel, the first to make this great discovery, found that the Solar System was travelling through space by noting the gradual spreading away of the stars from a central point near the constellation of Lyra. Very abstruse geometrical calculations are necessary to prove this.

Are Black and White Colours?

Black is an absence of colour and white is a combination of all the colours of the spectrum. In one case all the colours are absorbed as the light falls on the object and the effect to an eye is black; in the other all the colours are reflected to our eye and together form white.

Can Diamonds be Made Artificially?

Sir William Crookes and Moissau, the French chemist, claim to have made very small artificial diamonds, but Sir Charles Parsons told the Royal Microscopical Society some time ago that he had been trying to make diamonds for twenty years, and had spent £20,000 on experiments, but had failed and had come to the conclusion that nobody had ever made a diamond.

Why Does Ice Sometimes Form First at the Bottom of a Stream?

The action of the running stream mixes the cold surface water with the warmer water below till all is of a uniform temperature and is reduced to freezing point. Ice then forms first at the bottom because the water is more tranquil there and is in contact with stones and other objects that have become chilled by radiation. This ground ice, as it is called, is generally found in masses clinging to stones and weeds.

THE NEAREST STAR ABOVE US

PAIR OF SUNS

APPROACHING THE EARTH

Rushing Through Space at 35 Miles a Second

COMPANIONS 6000 MILLION MILES APART

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

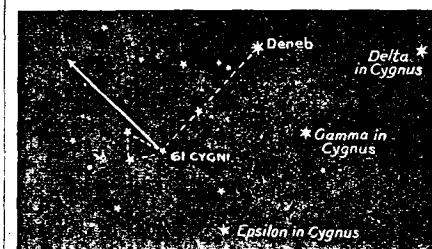
Looking up at the myriads of stars in the evening sky just now, some of us may wonder which of all that sparkling host is actually the nearest to us.

At this period of the year the nearest visible star above us happens to be also one of the faintest, but it is quite easy to find, because between 10 and 12 p.m. it is almost overhead. The nearest known star to the Solar System is Proxima Centauri in the Southern Hemisphere.

The magnificent constellation of Cygnus contains this most interesting little star, and our star-map last week shows its position in relation to those stars. It is marked 61, this being its number in Cygnus, and is known as 61 Cygni.

It is of but fifth magnitude, and therefore must be looked for among the fainter stars. The star-map below shows its position.

Examination through a small telescope with only a 3-inch lens will show that



The nearest star visible of an evening. The arrow shows how far it will travel in 5000 years

this star is really composed of two suns, of almost equal brilliance. They appear to be about 6000 million miles apart—much more than twice the distance of Neptune from the Sun. We thus get a good idea of how large our solar system would appear at the distance of this, the nearest visible star.

If the entire solar system within the orbit of Neptune were filled with luminous gas, it would form a globe 5500 million miles in diameter, yet its immense disc would not appear as wide as the two suns of 61 Cygni are apart. In other words, the entire circumference of the solar system would appear to the naked eye only as a point of light at the distance of 61 Cygni.

These two suns are travelling through space, in a north-easterly direction, at a speed calculated at between 35 and 38 miles a second. As they do so, they are coming nearer to us at the rate of about 26 miles every second.

722,000 Times as Far as Our Sun

The large proper motion of 61 Cygni, 5.2 seconds of arc annually, was the chief reason for astronomers inferring the proximity of this star, and so was the first whose distance was definitely calculated. We now know that it is 722,000 times as far as our Sun, and that its light has been 11 years getting here.

They are comparatively small suns, their combined light amounting to but one-fifteenth the light of our Sun. They are more advanced in stellar evolution, more burnt out, as it were, than ours.

There are reasons for believing that these two suns revolve around one another. They are appearing to get gradually farther apart at present, but are travelling in the same direction, at the same speed, as shown by the arrow in our star-map.

G.F.M.

Other Worlds. In the evening Venus is in the north-west, Saturn in the south-west, Jupiter south.

COPPER MOUNTAIN

Adventurous Days
Among the Eskimos

Set down by
John Halden

CHAPTER 34

A Feast

THE shadowy white forms that Ellen and Tom were driving before them down the slope were geese.

"Go back and get clubs!" called Thomas.

The others ran back instantly to get the long walking sticks they and the Eskimos carried on the march.

Timothy and Ole bent down hastily to shake the natives, who were lying flat on their faces moaning with terror beside the fire.

"Get up and take your sticks!" Oleson commanded them. "These are not ghosts, but geese, five hundred of them at least."

"How they can drive them along on the ground like that I can't understand!" said Timothy to himself, as he pulled a terrified Eskimo to his feet.

"There must be a ton of excellent food there!" cried Christopher in his turn, looking at the fat, waddling birds as they came, squawking protestingly, over the ground. "Where in the world did Nell and Tom get them?"

The Eskimos, as soon as they understood the nature of the apparition that had frightened them, set to work with a will, killing the birds. The dogs barked and howled and strained at their chains.

"This is too good to be true!" said Christopher to Ellen, when the work was over and the dogs had been quieted with a full meal of fat geese. "They evidently couldn't fly. Is it a new species of goose?"

"No," said Ole, who was busy collecting the birds in great heaps. "These are moulting geese, and while they are moulting they are helpless. I've heard of the Eskimos catching them this way, but hardly expected we should have the luck to find any of them. How did it happen, Tom?"

"Nell and I," began Tom, stretching himself on the ground for a rest, "were going swiftly along up stream when we heard a sound like geese. We followed it, and there, in a hollow between hills, they were, thousands of them, all moulting, and unable to fly."

"You've no idea what foolish things they are!" cried Ellen. "I shall never call a person a goose again without a very real idea of just the degree of imbecility it implies. They huddled together and waddled along, following their leaders, who were just as foolish as themselves."

"The geese have moulting grounds like that all over up here," said Oleson. "The Eskimos often do just what Tom and Ellen have done. We had better move camp up nearer the moulting grounds tomorrow, don't you think?"

"I've got my kayak cached up on the river's bank," said Tom.

"And now for a good supper! Smell it!" cried Timothy. "I'm going to eat three fat geese all to myself!"

CHAPTER 35

A Stroke of Luck

IT took several days to kill and prepare the meat at the goose settlement, but both dogs and humans needed the time in camp to eat and recuperate after the difficulties just past.

The bulk of the food took the place of their vanished groceries in the umiak, but each man who walked carried a weight of it on his back. Even the dogs had, a little harness affair like a pack saddle in which was put whatever would stand wetting, for the animals suffered greatly from the heat and lay down in the water whenever they got a chance.

Several days of progress and still the absence of game continued. Gradually their packs grew lighter and their hearts

heavier, for the danger of food shortage again threatened them.

Then one morning our party came suddenly out between some hills on a lovely valley. And there, before their eyes was a herd of—could it be caribou?

"Those are the strangest caribou I have ever seen," cried Ellen, staring. "They look like enormous shaggy sheep."

"They are musk oxen," said Ole. "And we're in luck again!"

"I've read about them," said Tom eagerly. "Stefansson says the right name for them is ovibos. What does that mean, Chris?"

"Sheep-cow," answered his brother. "It's unusual to find ovibos so far south, isn't it, Ole?"

"This country doesn't seem much inhabited," said Ole. "I reckon they've wandered down for the grazing."

The ovibos grazed calmly on, only looking up occasionally at the strangers, whose like they had evidently never seen before. Thus our party had an opportunity of looking closely at the ungainly bodies, with long stiff hair hanging nearly to the ground, their mild eyes and close-set, pointed horns.

"They look rather like buffaloes," said Ellen, noting the thick hump that rose on their necks. "And look at that lovely little calf!"

Just then Aluk, who had been following some distance behind, came up with the dogs, who, on sight of the animals, almost got out of hand and leaped for them, barking and snapping.

Instantly the oxen, recognizing in the dogs kindred to their enemies the wolves, seemed galvanized into dangerous life.

"Aha!" cried Timothy, as the ovibos stampeded together and stood in a close defensive circle, cows and calves inside, a ring of bulls outside facing the hunters with sharp horns lowered, dangerous purpose gleaming in their little eyes. "They're not so docile as they look."

"Keep back the dogs!" shouted Ole anxiously.

The ring of ovibos, however, showed no intention of charging, for to do so would have left the cows and calves uncovered. They merely waited, with determination in their little glaring eyes, and swung their lowered horns at the snapping dogs.

"Take the dogs back to a camp site!" ordered Ole, and Ellen lent a hand as the Eskimos struggled with the leaping dogs, still luckily in their harness.

"There's chivalry for you!" cried Tom. "Good egg!"

"No sentimentality, we must have food," said Christopher, quietly.

"There are four of us with guns," said Ole. "Each approach one of the larger animals in the group and get him. Try to fire all at once."

This was done; the needed animals dropped, and the rest, startled by the noise, ran off.

The impatient Eskimo men, leaving the women in charge of the dogs, came running back, each with his knife bound to his walking stick to make a spear.

"Why you let them go?" they cried. "Good sport! Good eating! We go now get more. Maybe get them all."

"Stay here!" cried Ole peremptorily, as the excited natives were rushing off. "We don't need any more!"

The Eskimos stopped reluctantly. "We have all the meat we want. If we got more it would go to waste."

The natives sulked and argued. For a moment they looked dangerously mutinous, and Tom for one wondered if they could be handled. But Ole was equal to the situation.

"Skin these we have already killed," he ordered. "You know that these animals never move far in their grazing. If we run out of food we can come back and get them."

The Eskimos, baulked of their sport, went sullenly to work, but soon forgot their grievance in the pleasure of having fresh meat under their hands. Everyone had got extremely tired of dried goose flesh.

Christopher motioned Timothy to come to where he had been looking through his glasses.

"There are small groups of caribou moving all about through this country," he said. "It looks like good hunting at last."

Timothy nodded.

"Luck at last," he said. "What do you say about striking out across country to follow them? They all seem to be moving roughly north-eastward, and that is the direction of Copper Mountain, as far as we can make out. We can park the umiak and kayak with what gear we don't need and strike out with the biplane."

"The weather seems to be clearing at last," said Christopher. "So you can finally put your biplane to use for scouting."

CHAPTER 35

Friends or Enemies?

THE party made good progress over the country for the next few days, for they had no worry about food, and the dogs and natives were in good spirits and went with a will, though all their luggage had now to be carried on the backs of humans and dogs.

Whenever they felt a need for more fresh meat Timothy and Ole, and often Tom, made a short hunting trip and brought back one of the abundant caribou.

It seemed a very pleasant camping trip, yet no one was wholly satisfied.

"You see! Many bad people in this country. My father told me. Go back soon!" pleaded the Eskimos nearly every day.

Ole and Christopher swept the country round in vain for signs of the round mountain rising straight out of a plain which had been described to them as a Copper Mountain.

"This summer weather won't last for ever," said Ole anxiously, "and we are not equipped for the winter. We must find what we have come for and go back."

"Haden't I better use my plane?" suggested Timothy.

But before Timothy had decided it was time to make his first serious flight in the new country, the party had sighted the skin tents of a strange Eskimo village.

Christopher saw it first through his glasses.

"Look here, Ole," he said quietly one morning after his customary search of the countryside. "There is a group of teepees down there in the valley."

The Scandinavian took the glasses. He saw the village with

dogs and children playing near the tents, and clothes hung up on lines to dry.

"I can't tell yet if this is good or bad luck," he remarked. "One thing is sure, we'll have to keep a firm hand on our own Eskimos or they will turn tail and run."

"Yes, they're frightened of strange tribes," said Christopher.

Timothy had come up, and was looking with eager interest at the distant settlement.

"I think we had better impress it on them that we and our guns are their only protection in case of danger, and then they'll stick to us," he added.

Accordingly Aluk and the others were called over and given a look through the wonderful glasses.

This was not the first time they had been shown this wonder of the white man's science; but their child-like minds still half-believed the glasses to be a sort of enchantment.

"Make it go away!" begged Arnanyak. "Those are the tents of bad spirits. Send them away!"

Aluk, who from more association with the white men knew a little better what the glasses meant, tried to persuade her that, enchantment or not, the things seen through the Zeiss lenses would be found on closer approach to be there.

This frightened Arnanyak and the other natives.

"Then go back!" they cried.

Ole took them in hand.

"These are not the tents of spirits, but of men and women like you," he said. "I think we shall find them friendly, but if they are not, we have guns that shoot farther than their arrows, so you must not run away, but stay closely here with us."

"Why not go back?" persisted Aluk stubbornly.

"Because your only hope is to stay with us, old man," said Thomas, who was wild with impatience to go on and investigate.

The Eskimos realised this well enough, and followed reluctantly as our party started out again toward the village.

"Have your guns ready," said Ole as they went along. "But don't use them in any circumstances unless I give the order. There may be something in these persistent Eskimo tales about the savage tribes of the interior. It's just as well to be prepared."

"Why not try a little strategy?" said Timothy. "For all we know, these people may be as terrified of strangers as our friends back there are. All we Curwells have reddish hair. If we put back our hoods and advance on them in all our shining glory—none of us has had a hair-cut for months—we'll make them understand at least that we aren't the kind of enemies they expect."

"They may take us for spirits," demurred Christopher.

Tom chuckled, remembering his own experience.

"Let them! Knowing spirits can't be killed, they at least won't let fly poisoned arrows at sight of us," he said.

Christopher and Ole considered in silence for a moment.

"There are disadvantages on either side," said the eldest brother at last. "But I suppose the best thing we can do is to use such peaceful means of impressing them as we have. We are practically at their mercy if they choose to be hostile."

Accordingly, leaving the Eskimos with their gear at some distance from the village, the four Curwells, with bare heads shining in the low sunlight of the afternoon, walked calmly abreast toward the skin tents of the unknown Eskimos.

It was soon evident that they had been seen, for a clamour arose from the village, a crying and shouting and a barking and howling, as the children ran to cover.

In a few moments, as the white people continued their steady advance, the whole horde of men from the village came rushing out toward them, led by a little wizened-up creature who looked at least ninety years old.

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

A Friend in Need

OLD Grannie Lovell stirred the savoury mess in the big iron pot. Then she shuffled to the door of the caravan and peered outside into the darkness.

"Andy," she called.

There was a shout of "Coming, Grannie!" and soon Andy, her grandson, was climbing up the steps into the caravan.

Andy was dead beat. Flinging himself down on the nearest chair, he was almost too tired to eat the big plateful of savoury stew that Grannie Lovell put before him.

It had been a bad week for the fair. Ever since it had opened the rain had streamed down in torrents, and the field was like a quagmire. Except for a few boys and children, the village people had stayed away. No one wanted to wade through a sea of mud.

Andy was in charge of the menagerie. He loved the animals almost more than his fellow human beings. Perhaps that was why he could do anything with them.

His greatest friend was Sally, the chimpanzee, Sally who was so clever that she seemed almost human.

That night, when at last he flung himself down on his mattress, Andy began to worry about Sally. During the afternoon, when they had been hauling the caravans out of the mud, he had noticed that the fastening of her cage was working loose. He had meant to see to it later on, but there had been so much to do that he had clean forgotten about it.

"It'll do tomorrow," he muttered, as he fell asleep.

He woke at last to see the first light of dawn creeping into the caravan. For a moment he blinked sleepily, then suddenly he was wide awake. The door of the caravan was open, and crouching beside him was the big hairy form of Sally the chimpanzee. She was gazing piteously into his face, and whimpering like a child.

It never entered Andy's head to be frightened—he did not know what fear was where his animals were concerned. Blaming himself for his carelessness, he crept out of bed, treading noiselessly so as not to disturb Grannie Lovell, asleep behind the farther partition.

Hastily flinging on some clothes, he tiptoed to the door, and called softly to Sally.

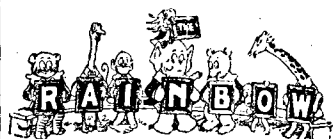
But Sally shivered and whimpered, and refused to come; and, as he gazed out into the grey misty morning, he understood the reason of her visit. During the night the river had overflowed its banks, and the lower half of the meadow was under water. It was still rising.

Andy's shouts soon roused the camp. For half an hour there was a scene of confusion, but at last all the caravans had filed out of the meadow into the road.

And in the middle of the procession came Sally in her broken cage, rocking herself backward and forward with satisfaction.

ALL Children
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August 22, 1925

The Children's Newspaper

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DI! MERRYMAN

A LITTLE girl had been watching a painter in an art gallery copying a masterpiece.

Finally she plucked up courage and asked, "Will you please give me the old one, sir, when the new one is finished?"

A Puzzle Picnic Basket

IN these verses there are hidden the names of seven kinds of provisions taken to picnics.

In August mamma said,
"A picnic we'll take;
And a calico coat, Fred,
For you I must make."

"My shagreen spectacle-case,
Too, I must find;
And tell Myra dishes
Will weigh on my mind."

"At Artswell, our rendezvous,
Herbert will wait;
And poor Marcus tardily
Open the gate."

"Thomas, a lad of pluck,
With us shall go;
A great pickle sure he is,
That you all know."

Solution next week

Do You Live at Poplar?

POPLAR was so called, according to Dr. Woodward, who wrote in 1720, because of the multitude of poplar trees which grew there in former times, and later authorities accept this as the fact.

WHEN is a woman like a newspaper article?

When she appears in print.

Self-Weighed

BRAGGED a dragon of old fairy tales,
"I weigh more than a good many whales."

Seven tons, sir, no less!

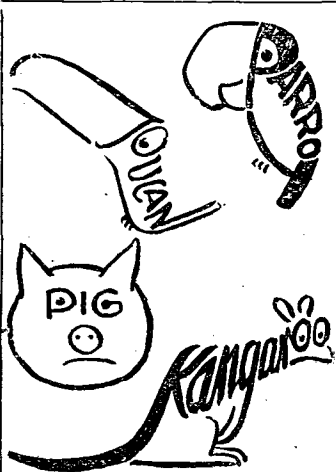
And this isn't a guess,
For I've weighed myself twice in my scales!"

A Way Forks Have

ONE morning Bess, who was four years old, had pancakes and syrup for breakfast.

After she had eaten the cakes there was some syrup left on her plate, and this seemed to puzzle her. Finally she said, "Mamma, please give me a spoon; my fork leaks."

Autographs from the Zoo



These little pictures of animals and birds speak for themselves

A BOUGH of a tree blown down by a terrific gale smashed a window. What did the window say? Tremendous!

WHAT is the difference between a hen and a musician who plays in his spare time?

One lays at pleasure, and the other plays at leisure.

Come-Alive Characters



Medicine without tears

"I WILL tell Master Tommy, when physic-time comes, That your med'cine is nice," the Spoon said.

"But he may not believe it," the Bottle replied, With a sorrowful shake of his head.

"Oh, but rather he will!" cried the Spoon, all a-grin, "For he's learned, sir, to take things from me."

"He's aware he must gulp down whatever I bring, So he'll 'swallow' my story, you'll see!"

How to Miss the Train

GRANNIE and Grandfather are expected for a holiday. In a few hours they are due, and Lily and Bobby are ready to start for the station to meet them when the bell rings and the telegraph boy hands in a message:

"Train missed. Starting tomorrow same time."

"How silly!" says Bobby, most disrespectfully. "If they start at the same time tomorrow they will miss the train again!"

What Am I?

MY first is in cheese-knife but not in plate,

My second's in heavy but not in weight,

My third is in moment but not in hour,

My fourth is in dungeon but not in tower,

My fifth is in lily but not in rose,

My sixth is in reaping but not in mows,

My seventh's in silver but not in gold,

My eighth is in timid but not in bold,

My ninth is in icy but not in freeze,

My tenth is in ocean but not in seas,

My eleventh's in pocket but not in comb,

My whole you will find at night in the home.

Solution next week

WHAT is it that we all like to have, but none of us like to keep? A good appetite.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Changing Initials

Link, pink, rink, sink, wink

A Hidden Verse

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the children's hour.

Who Was He?

The Conqueror was William of Normandy.

Jacko Goes Shopping

JACKO was furious when his mother sent him to the draper's shop one day. He said he didn't see why he should have to go into a girl's shop, as he called it.

But Mrs. Jacko wouldn't stand any nonsense. She wanted some ribbon in a great hurry, and, as she was too busy to go after it herself, she gave Jacko a pattern, and told him to look sharp. "I must have the ribbon before I go out this afternoon," she said.

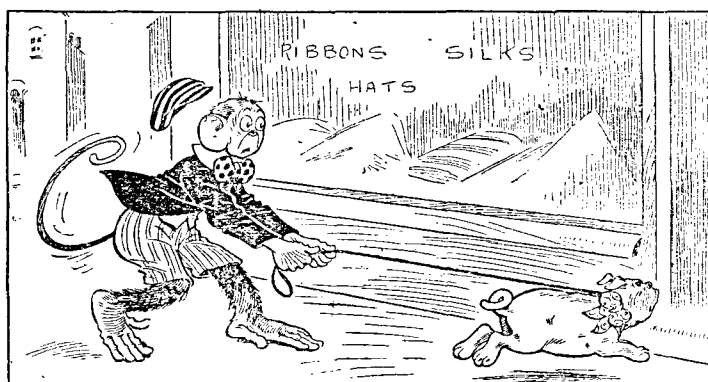
The first thing Jacko did was to lose the pattern. He turned out all his pockets, but it wasn't to be seen anywhere.

The shop people asked him if he could remember what the ribbon was like, but of course Jacko hadn't the slightest idea. He said he would look in again, and off he went to get another pattern from his mother.

Mrs. Jacko was very annoyed when Jacko came back without the ribbon.

"You'll lose yourself next!" she said crossly.

But Jacko didn't do that, neither did he lose the pattern this time. He actually got the ribbon—and lost it on the way home!



"You leave it with me," said Jacko

"Coo! The mater *will* be mad," he said, when he found out what had happened. And he hung about outside the house, not daring to go in.

It wasn't the least good going back to the shop for some more ribbon, as he hadn't any more money. The only thing to do was to *make* some money. Jacko put on his thinking cap.

At last he set off for the shop again; but, although he hung about for a long time, he didn't seem able to make a penny. He helped an old gentleman out of his bath-chair, and picked up a parcel for a lady, but all they did was to smile and say thank you.

Jacko was thoroughly disgusted.

"It's money I want, not smiles," he said to himself.

At last he really did see the chance of a sixpence. A lady came along with a fat pug dog, and seemed in some doubt as to what she should do with it while she went into the shop.

Jacko darted forward. "I'll see to the animal, ma'am," he said. "Just you leave it with me."

The lady was very pleased. She said the pug wasn't very good with strangers, but that she wouldn't be long, and she expected it would be all right.

But things were far from all right. The pug snapped and snarled at everything, and at last it broke away from Jacko, and sprang at a lady who was rushing into the shop in a great hurry.

Jacko managed to catch hold of the pug before it could do any harm.

"Coo! I'll get a reward for this!" he said gleefully.

But he got nothing of the kind. The lady was simply furious. And she had good reason to be—it was poor Mrs. Jacko, who in desperation had come after the ribbon herself!

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

The Dentist on Wheels

Travelling dentists' offices are common in the rural districts of America.

They are fitted up on a truck, and in many instances are sent out by the public health authorities, so that people in the outlying parts of the country can have their teeth taken care of properly without having to travel many miles to a resident dentist.

Le Dentiste à Roulettes

Les cabinets dentaires ambulants sont d'un usage commun dans les régions rurales de l'Amérique.

Ils sont montés sur des châssis et, dans bien des cas, c'est le département de la salubrité publique qui les met en circulation, de sorte que les habitants des régions éloignées des centres peuvent se faire soigner les dents sans avoir à faire des lieues de chemin à la recherche d'un dentiste à demeure fixe.

Tales Before Bedtime

The Voyage

THE thing that Hilary liked doing best when she went to stay in the country, with her old nurse was watching the canal boats pass along the canal which was not far from Nurse's cottage.

They all had little covered cabins painted the most lovely colours, and inside you could see pots and pans, and gay tin cans painted with flowers.

The boats were drawn by horses, which were sometimes led by the boatman's wife, who wore a big cotton bonnet with dozens of little flounces. Nurse said the boats were going to Shropshire, but she didn't agree when Hilary said she thought it would be lovely to live in one.

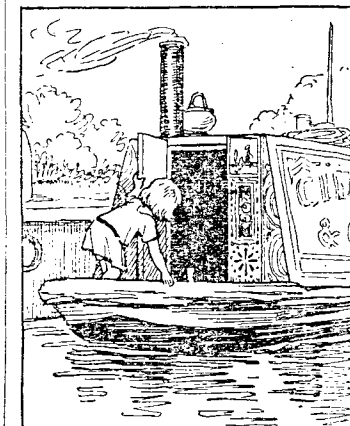
Hilary longed to see inside one of the gay little cabins so much that one day when a boat stopped, while the boatman was talking to somebody some way off, she jumped into it, meaning to peep inside and then jump out again. But she stayed rather longer than she had intended.

Then suddenly she heard the boatman shout "Go, lass!" to his horse, and the boat began to move—with Hilary inside the cabin.

She was too much frightened to shout, and the boat went on and on until after a long time she heard a footstep, and in came the boatwoman, very much surprised to find a passenger.

"Well, lassie," she said, "you'll just have to come with us unless we meet a boat going back your way."

It was lovely on the canal, but Hilary knew Nurse would



Hilary longed to see inside

be so very frightened about her that she couldn't enjoy it as much as she expected. She was glad when a boat came along and took her aboard and put her down quite close to Nurse's cottage.

It was a lovely adventure, but when her old nurse heard about it she said:

"Very well, Miss Hilary, if you run away to Shropshire on a canal boat I'll never ask you to stay with me again."

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

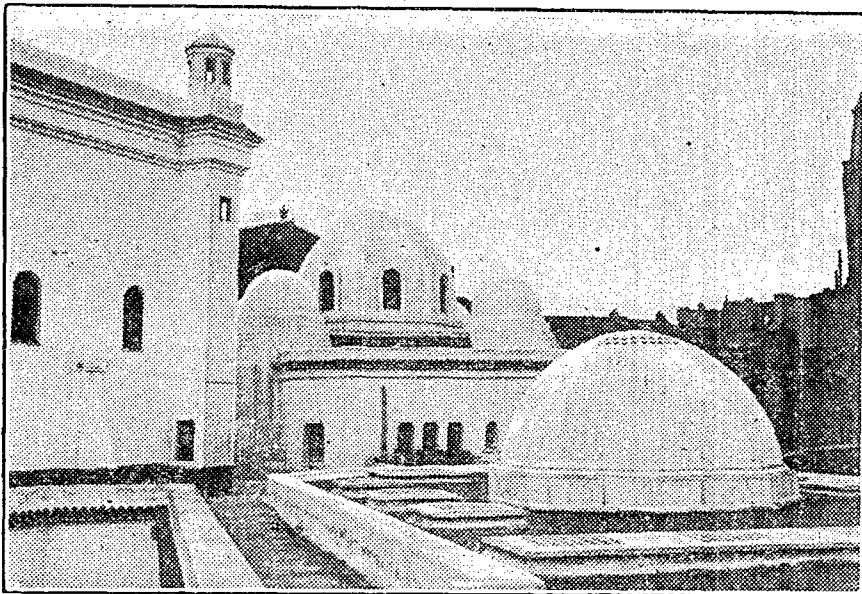
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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MOSQUE IN PARIS · THE ZOO'S NEW LEOPARD CUB · JAMES WATT'S WORKSHOP



A Mosque in Paris—A Moorish mosque which has been built in Paris was dedicated the other day, and in this picture we see some of the domes that surmount the building



The See-Saw of Happiness—This nurse at Queen Mary's Hospital for Children, Carshalton, Surrey, is thoroughly enjoying herself giving some of the little patients a see-saw in the sun



Horse and Rider Well Over—Here is a lady rider at a recent horse show in the Midlands clearing the wall jump in fine style



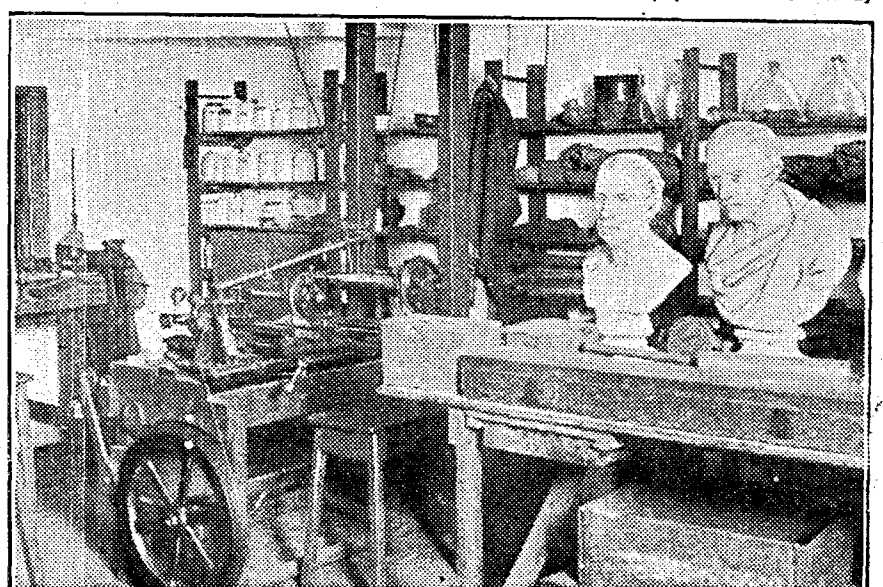
A Spotted Fury—The new leopard cub at the London Zoo very much dislikes having his photograph taken



Bathers at Margate—All seaside places are now crowded with visitors, and bathing was never more popular than it is today



The Water-Lily Moat—Here is a charming photograph taken at Bodiam Castle, in Sussex, the beautiful moated stronghold which Lord Curzon preserved and has left to the nation. The water that surrounds it is full of water-lilies, which when in blossom make a splendid show, and, as we can see, a fine bowl of flowers can be gathered during a short trip in a boat



James Watt's Workshop in London—In this picture we see an exact reproduction of James Watt's workshop at Heathfield Hall, Birmingham. All the actual contents have been moved to London and are being exhibited in the Science Museum in a replica of the shop. Besides his work on the steam-engine, Watt made a clever machine for duplicating busts

THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER OF THE C.N. MONTHLY IS NOW READY: ASK FOR MY MAGAZINE

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